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C77—CIVIL WAR CARTOON POSTER — Cavalry chases Jeff Davis, disguised as milkmaid. Laugh no matter what side you favor, 20 x 14 ..... 35¢

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366—HANDBILL—Circus, illustrated, bike on wire 25¢

367—CARTOON—1906—predicts Sunday everyone busy auto repairs, illustrated ..... 25¢

368—HANDBILL—Flanders auto—1910—illus..... 25¢

369—HANDBILL—Ford—1905—illustrated ..... 25¢

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371—HANDBILL—White auto—1912—quaint illus. 25¢

372—HANDBILL—Chalmers auto—1911—illus..... 25¢

373—HANDBILL—Winton auto—1912—illustrated 25¢

374—HANDBILL—Pope auto—1905—illustrated ... 25¢

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380—ENLISTMENT POSTER—Revolution, British ask 'serve during rebellion' ..... 30¢

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417—HANDBILL—man proposes to woman because served Beef Extract—illustrated, c. 1880 ... 25¢

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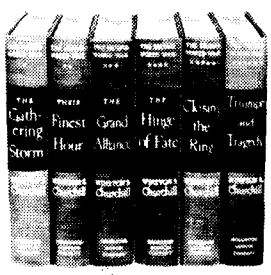

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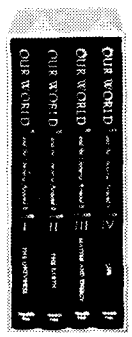

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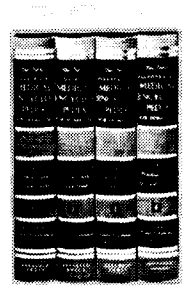

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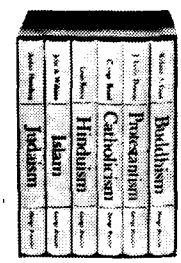

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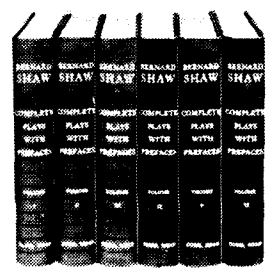

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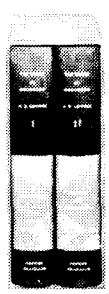

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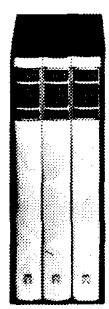

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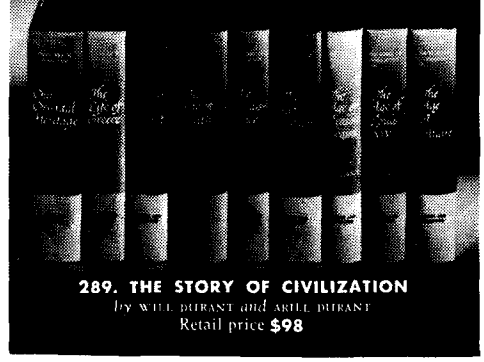

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T.R.B. from Washington

Will Something Give?

★ Richard Rovere in *The New Yorker* last week prefaced a thoughtful article with a quotation from this journal and it seems only fair to reciprocate. After all, he writes for a committed magazine, too. "No government," he said, "that is not totalitarian can go on indefinitely fighting a hard war that its people hate. Something has to give."

Rovere gloomily speculated that American democracy, under certain circumstances, might not survive: "Repression," he noted, "is the safest, cheapest course for any government to take."

Daniel P. Moynihan, Harvard-MIT Urban Studies director and a firm liberal, warns other liberals that "all the signs declare that the violence [of Negro militants] has not ended. Worse still . . . we must prepare for the onset of terrorism." Again there is the gloomy note. In part at least the Rovere and Moynihan points are alike (one deals with Vietnam and the other with the Negro revolt). Mild civil disobedience threatens to turn or is turning to militant defiance. The answer to this is repression. Anybody would be a fool to close his eyes to it.

We have watched American democracy at close hand for many years and we believe few governments are institutionally so susceptible to dictatorship as this one. The President becomes all but a dictator in a major war. The real test comes (and we hope far in the future) when the US loses a war or meets a cruel humiliation; then the search for a conspiracy and a scapegoat starts and the Right moves in to protect us from the Left.

We have no thought of anything of that nature now. After all, we are not *losing* the war in Vietnam, we are simply not winning it and, again, we have never been so prosperous (partly, of course, because of the splendid profits from our military-industrial complex). But this reporter went through the McCarthy period. It left an indelible impression. There was fear everywhere but the most craven were the Respectables. Some had a political stake in McCarthy, like Bob Taft, some had mystic conservative rapport like polemicist William Buckley, but the great ruminant mass of the affluent were simply scared spitless. Defend democracy? Ha! They would keep heads down like Germans under Hitler.

McCarthy never got anywhere because, at heart, he had no doctrine; he had no ambition except to cow people; he was – as Richard Rovere himself declared – essentially frivolous. But we heard ex-governor George Wallace over the radio last week. It was just one of those vivid, live, one-minute fragments from a speech in a CBS newscast. It was like a trumpet; a trumpet of hate that jerked you out of your seat like cold water on a raw nerve. In a single tense rush of words and venom he excoriated "bearded professors," student war protestors and violators of "law and order," and his words brought a crash of applause. He had named the enemy: nonconformists, intellectuals, peace-lovers and Negroes.

We see no end of the war and we see no end of controversy over civil rights, and we see political passions inflamed by the presidential election next year. If ever there was an opportunity for a top-notch demagogue to make a coalition of hate between white Anglo-Saxon Protestants and lower middle-class ethnic groups, it lies ahead and Wallace, unlike McCarthy, isn't lazy, isn't a drunk and has a philosophy.

"There Ought to Be a Law"

★ Washington currently has five subversion and civil disorder investigations going on and we thought it might help to make a list.

There is the President's Advisory Committee on Civil Disorders which is a balanced, blue panel affair, that might well come up with something helpful.

There is the good old House un-American Activities Committee. It has made a pretty slow takeoff but ought to be raising blood-pressures soon. Acting chairman is Representative Tuck (D, Va.) whose accent you could spread on hominy and who looks like a crafty squirrel with his cheeks full of nuts. An early witness, Herman Lerner, "specialist in mob psychology" (who lectures at police academies) told HUAC there ought to be a law to make "ethnic hate activities" a federal offense, and that the country might consider temporarily limiting free speech and right to assembly.

Then there is the revived 5-man Subversive Activities Control Board whose work was shot out from under it by the Supreme Court, so members have had nothing to do but draw $26,000 salaries. They haven't registered a communist in 17 years and haven't met for 20 months. Now the Senate has amusingly ordered them to bring back at least two scalps or face elimination in the next year or so. Mr. Johnson and Senator Dirksen each have protégés on the board.

Next we have Senator Eastland's internal security subcommittee. It is looking into the Black Power-New Left, with special emphasis on the all-Negro Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, from Eastland's own state. (The party is a political action group opposing the senator.) Eastland has pulled off a great coup by having agents scoop up unguarded papers and random files from the chaotic National Conference for New Politics at the Palmer House in Chicago over the Labor Day weekend. The Chicago conference was a weirdy; it had Negro militants, plus communists and Martin Luther King's honorable Southern Christian Leadership Conference and Women Strike for Peace and what-have-you. With skillful presentation, Eastland may blacken the lot.

Finally, there is Senator McClellan's permanent (floating) investigations subcommittee which is going to see if there is a red thread linking last summer's riots. Eastland has got hold of papers, seized in a raid by local sheriffs that was subsequently ruled unconstitutional, against antipoverty workers in Pike County, Ky., last August. These may show communications with radical leaders and organizations.

Congress is going in for investigations and is cutting poverty funds.

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Trade Warriors

Once, long ago, Congress was so isolationist it was not only dead against getting involved in the foreign wars, it also built the highest tariff breakwater in history against the wild waves of world trade. This Congress is different. It's only half isolationist. Not even Hawley or Smoot were so daffy as to oppose trade but approve war. This Congress dutifully votes billions of dollars for Vietnam, but threatens to fight Mr. Johnson to the last gasp when he says that trade with foreigners is in the interests of a country like the United States, that sells more abroad than it buys.

Five years ago, Congress gave President Kennedy authority to negotiate tariff cuts of up to 50 percent, with 52 other countries. The House passed the Trade Expansion Act, by 298 votes to 125, after a month's exhaustive hearings that filled six volumes of testimony. The Senate gave its blessing, 78 votes to 8. Mr. Kennedy said it was the most important economic legislation since the Marshall Plan. The authority to negotiate tariff cuts that was thus conferred on the chief executive by the Trade Expansion Act expired this June, just a month after the trade negotiations called the Kennedy Round were successfully concluded. The tariff cuts that were agreed to are supposed to commence on the first of January and to be carried out in stages spread over five years. But now there's a big hitch. Congress gave the Administration the power to negotiate and can't withdraw it. But it seems bent on wrecking the Kennedy Round in another way. No fewer than 90 senators are acting as sponsors of one or more bills that propose to slap import quota limits on foreign goods that range from steel to textiles, from zinc to mink. A bill to limit textile imports has the support of 68 senators and 153 representatives. The House has already passed a bill calling on the President to halt imports from "low-wage countries"; the vote was 340 to 29. Leading congressional protectionists, and the interests they are out to protect, include Senators Russell Long (petroleum), Hartke (steel), Hollings (textiles), Hruska (beef), Anderson (lead, zinc), Proxmire (dairy products), and Muskie (footwear). The *Journal of Commerce* declares: "Not since the political log-rolling that produced the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930 has such a concerted protectionist drive been organized" in Congress.

This country sells abroad each year about $30-billion worth of manufactures and farm products and buys from abroad around $26-billion worth. A trade surplus of $3.7 billion is anticipated for this year. Five and a half million American workers depend on exports for their live-

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lihood. "The United States," President Johnson said last month, "like all trading nations, must be willing to buy the products of other countries if we expect them to buy ours." This simple truth cuts little or no ice with Senator Russell Long and his friends. Mutual tariff cuts increase world trade and benefit all countries, but especially a huge exporting nation like ours? Russell Long will have none of it. "Try explaining to an American textile worker, who has just lost his job because of rising imports, that it's all in the national interest," the senator cries scornfully. Well, let's try. Suppose Congress weasels out of the Kennedy Round, and attempts by means of import quotas to get around the cuts in duties to which this country is now irrevocably committed. The Europeans and others who took part in the five years of hard negotiating that comprised the Kennedy Round are certainly going to retaliate by one means or another.

The British, and the six nations in the European Common Market, have already indicated what form retaliation could take. They too can clamp down on imports, if that's the way Congress wants the game played. The Europeans are considering retaliatory curbs on American tobacco (we sell $120 million worth to Europe each year) and on feed-grains ($250 million). Other American exports that may suffer are chemicals, farm machinery, plant machinery, computers and other electronic equipment, automobiles, wheat, fruit and vegetables. If Kennedy Round tariff cuts are nullified by import quotas, it will then be up to Senator Russell Long and his fellow protectionists to explain to millions of adversely affected American workers how falling exports cost them their jobs.

The senator is less interested, however, in the plight of American textile workers than in trying to get still greater protection for domestic petroleum, which already enjoys the comfort of a cushion of import quotas that cost American consumers of oil an estimated $2 billion a year. And, though nobody denies that the textile industry does have its troubles, and textile imports are rising rapidly, imported textiles constitute only 10 percent of the sales in this country. Further, textile imports have risen partly because of a sharp increase in military needs, and, in order to cope with them, the textile industry has been doing a bit of importing itself. Similarly, the steel industry, another crybaby, has been importing semi-finished steel, because though working at capacity it hasn't yet been able to satisfy from domestic sources an upsurge in the demand for steel. This doesn't prevent steel spokesmen from wailing about a rise in steel imports, or, oddly, from complaining that steel exports have gone down. Do they imagine that if this country shuts the door on foreign steel, such action will encourage European steel producers and others to increase their buying of American steel? The Trade Expansion Act provided that where industries could prove to the Tariff Commission that they were in trouble through rising imports, the government would try to help them. Thus far, no firm has in fact received help, though several have applied for it. The Administration now proposes to make life easier for such applicants, by lowering the requirements. But, in view of the protectionist furore, it's significant that nobody has yet managed to convince the Tariff Commission that imports are a main cause of business dislocation and unemployment anywhere in this country.

Some of the protectionists don't believe in letting the right hand know what the left is up to. For instance, the chemical industry is loyally supporting its dyes and pigments sector in an onslaught on the part of the Kennedy Round agreement that refers to benzoid chemicals. The American negotiators agreed to cut US chemical duties by 43 percent and Congress, having authorized tariff cuts up to 50 percent when it passed the Trade Expansion Act, can't now renege on that. But in a supplementary deal, the American negotiators got the Europeans to cut their chemical duties 46 percent, and in addition eliminate road-tax discriminations against American-made cars and reduce preferences that discriminate against American tobacco. The price the US negotiators offered to pay was elimination of a tariff device whereby duties on foreign chemicals are based not on the foreign cost of production but on the American selling price.

The American selling price was Congress' christening gift to the infant American chemical industry back in 1922, and only Congress can undo it. The chemical corporations want ASP retained, in spite of the fact that this country exports $300-million worth of dyes and pigments a year and buys from abroad only about $88-million worth. The Administration is so scared by the protectionist fever in Congress that it hasn't dared even ask Congress to lift ASP. And the irony of the chemical combines' clamor is that, simultaneously, they have been made fighting mad by Senator Russell Long's bid for a further cut in oil imports. This they strongly oppose, crying that the chemical industry needs cheap oil, so as to be able to compete with foreign petrochemical firms.

Senator Dirksen is orchestrating the various protectionist tunes, tying them into a kind of New World symphony, under the euphemism of "Orderly Trade." Mr. Dirksen hoped to attach this package of discords to social security legislation that provides increased benefits for some millions of senior citizens. That way, it seems, Dirksen planned to confront the President with the unpleasant choice of either vetoing the bill and losing the elderly vote, or accepting the bill with Dirksen's attachment and plunging into a trade war with half the world. The Senate Finance Committee objected and Social Security was freed of Dirksen's awkward

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appendage. But the Senate may still approve the Dirksen "Orderly Trade" package.

If so, it will then be the turn of Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee which has jurisdiction over trade measures. Mills himself is sponsoring import quota bills on textiles, meat and watches; but, rather than confront the President with a painful dilemma, he may opt for delay, and accept further study by the Tariff Commission of the imports picture, recently ordered by the President, in lieu of pressing for import quotas this year. A much better idea, of course, would be a vigorous push from the White House, for expanding trade not studying how to strangle it.

War Tax Protest

One of the more common ways to oppose the war is to put one's name on a list. It is less hazardous than burning a draft card or storming the Pentagon. It is something that can be done without leaving the house. Signing lists gets one's name in the paper, for such documents generally end up as protest advertising. The famous and not-quite-so-famous jostle each other (Dwight Macdonald and Paul Goodman sign all lists). When HUAC compiles *its* list all names will be there.

One of the newest lists is called "Writers and Editors War Tax Protest." It is a pledge not to pay the 10 percent tax surcharge Mr. Johnson wants to help finance the war, and an optional promise by "many" of the signers not to pay any of the 23 percent of our taxes used to finance the fighting in Vietnam. The WEWTP list has been going around for a month or so and has 400 signatures. It hopes soon to have 500.

Were all the signers to be jailed for civil disobedience, American literary life would not be the same (they run the gamut from Ed Sanders, editor of "Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts," to Susan Sontag, Terry Southern, Leslie Fiedler, Betty Friedan and Louis Lomax). The organizers have raised $5,500 of the $6,800 they will need to place the list in *The New York Times*, assuming *The Times* takes their ad. The group finds its inspiration in Thoreau, who said at the time of the Mexican war, "if a thousand men were not to pay their tax bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the state to commit violence and shed innocent blood."

WEWTP may have its civil disobedience pulled out from under it, however, if the tax surcharge is not enacted. In any event, what is proposed is not likely to get one into much trouble. "Under Section 7203 of the Internal Revenue Code," says the WEWTP fact sheet, "willful refusal to pay taxes is punishable by up to one year in prison and/or up to $10,000 in fines. (As long as a tax return is filed and all income properly listed, no charge of tax evasion – a more serious offense – can be brought.) However, *so far*, this section of the code has rarely been enforced; of 421 signers of a similar nonpayment advertisement in 1966, not one has been prosecuted under this section, and of an estimated 1,500 additional protest nonpayers none that we know of has been prosecuted since the war in Vietnam began. This is not to minimize the risks, simply to indicate the precedent."

Young Democrats

The next Vietnam casualty could be the Young Democratic Clubs of America (YDCA), already an ineffectual, aging organization. YDCA will hold its biennial convention November 15-18 in Miami, after College Young Democrats (CYD) hold a rump convention in Boston (November 10-13) to decide whether its future lies with its parent organization or whether to go it alone. Senator Eugene McCarthy will address the Boston meeting, which will be interesting in view of McCarthy's commiting himself to challenging Mr. Johnson in the primaries – a decision of unprecedented courage. For the beleaguered envoys of the Administration, both conventions offer unwelcome challenges.

Both pro- and anti-Vietnam forces within the Young Democrats are concentrating on the Miami gathering, where every decision will be haunted by the President's policies in Southeast Asia and by the open and unpredictable competitive bid by McCarthy for the Democratic presidential nomination. The fight in Miami will center on the election of a national president and the adoption of resolutions. R. Spencer Oliver, at 29 a veteran of 10 years of YD politics, has resigned as an aide to the Democratic National Chairman, John Bailey, to seek the top post, running as a Johnson loyalist. If Oliver has any reservations about our Vietnam policy he manages to hide them. He has wide support in the South, in some "hawkish" areas of the Mountain West and New England. He is the front-runner.

Two anti-Vietnam candidates have surfaced – Jerry Grant, the YD state chairman in Colorado; and Allen Reed, an assistant professor of history at the University of Nebraska. Neither has wide contacts within YDCA; both are being hurt by a movement in the Midwest to disaffiliate from YDCA because of the Administration's Vietnam policies. Already, Minnesota and Iowa have voted not to renew their YDCA charters; Wisconsin may follow suit. Only the candidacies of Grant and Reed are preventing the defection from spreading to other states.

The Democratic National Committee has made several calls to try to cut off support for the CYD meeting in Boston (to party officials in New York and Massachusetts) and has been discouraging prominent Demo-

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crats from accepting speaking engagements there. But if the committee is trying to harass YD opponents of the Administration (both Grant and Reed find they're getting a lot of pressure from within the senior party), the "Dump Johnson" forces are also busy. Allard Lowenstein, heading the Committee for Concerned Democrats, an umbrella organization for various anti-Johnson groups, has been traveling the Midwest working up opposition to Oliver and the White House. He is getting some sympathy, particularly in states like Michigan, and is spreading the word that the next confrontation will be in Miami.

Checking the Foundations

The Internal Revenue Service estimates there are between 18,000 and 20,000 tax-exempt foundations – and the record of their supervision by IRS, says Rep. Wright Patman (D, Texas) is "a dud, a dismal failure."

The foundation directory lists 6,803 foundations with total assets of $19.9 billion, each of which distributes at least $10,000 annually in grants and is managed by its own trustees to aid social, educational, charitable, religious and other activities serving the common welfare. Another 10,500 foundations are not included in the directory because they are too small. The number of foundations has increased at the rate of 8.5 percent a year since 1964; their wealth has gone up at an annual rate of 11.4 percent.

"Anyone may arrange his affairs that his taxes shall be as low as possible; he is not bound to choose that pattern which best pays the Treasury; there is not even a patriotic duty to increase one's taxes." That excerpt from a decision by the late Judge Learned Hand was read last week to a House subcommittee that is investigating foundations. It was read by Robert D. Hayes, one of the three trustees of Americans Building Constitutionally (ABC) – which claims to be a tax-exempt educational organization, the purpose of which is to teach taxpayers and their lawyers how to set up foundations so they can avoid taxes. Subcommittee Chairman Patman didn't like the smell of it. Through such devices, he thinks, "the upper-middle-class citizen is learning the tax-avoidance tricks that were once thought to be reserved for the rich." He said, "If a Rockefeller, Ford or Mellon can avoid taxes under the guise of 'charity,' why shouldn't every doctor, lawyer and other professional in the land who can afford the rather stiff tuition [at least $10,500] for the tax-ducking school? It is a harsh but logical question." Patman foresees a snowballing of the "tax-dodging scheme," a "disastrous erosion of our tax base and a crushing burden of extra taxes on those people [who] do not dodge their responsibilities."

Patman has been criticized, and justly, for the indiscriminate character of his attack on foundations. But this year he is finding support from the President and high Treasury officials. Some foundations *have* abused their tax-exempt status. In his studies and subcommittee hearings in 1964, Patman described some of these abuses: A person could contribute his assets to his own foundation, Patman said, deduct the "charitable" contribution from his income tax, and then borrow back his money at low interest rates. Capital gains earned by such foundations are tax free and don't have to be given to charity if they are reinvested within a reasonable time. Patman cited a foundation set up to recruit football players for a university; an aging millionaire (later convicted for tax evasion) who supported twin sisters through several years of "gay living" with part of the expenses paid by his foundation; and a major bank which acquired certain property in lieu of an unpaid debt, turned the property over to the bank's foundation, deducted the contribution to charity, and sold the property at a profit without paying capital gains tax.

In a special report February 2, 1965, the Treasury, while noting that charitable foundations and trusts have performed an important role by supporting various public welfare, educational and other activities, many of which would not otherwise be undertaken, granted serious faults among a minority. The Treasury recommended legislation to: prohibit self dealing, so that a foundation's assets could not be diverted from charitable purposes to the private advantage of the donor; require foundations which make gifts to charitable institutions to disburse their net income within a year; impose a 20 percent ceiling on a foundation's ownership of voting stock of an unrelated business; prevent families from giving stock in their corporations to foundations which they control in order to reduce their gift and estate taxes; restrict foundation lending, borrowing for investment, and speculation; and limit donor control of a foundation after 25 years. Congress has yet to act on those recommendations.

President Johnson, in his economic report last January, promised to submit tax reform proposals to Congress (specifically, "changes to deal with abuses by tax-exempt private foundations"). That, too, has yet to be done.

Bolling Is Right

Rep. Richard Bolling (D, Mo.), who once hoped to be his party's leader in the House, has said what a lot of his colleagues have been thinking for a long time: John McCormack (D, Mass.) should step down in January of 1969 after seven years as Speaker. The only difference is that Representative Bolling said it publicly, during a TV interview one Friday noon. The next Monday,

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it was the talk of the Democratic cloakroom. The consensus: Bolling is right. As one member said: "I'm glad someone had the guts to say it."

But such is the institutional hypocrisy of the House of Representatives that the same solons who whispered agreement in the cloakroom applauded vigorously when Speaker McCormack took his place on the podium that day. And Rep. Robert Sikes (D, Fla.), a man of distinctly conservative viewpoints who very seldom supports Speaker McCormack when he's scrambling for votes to save an Administration measure, rose to praise his leadership.

Representative Bolling wasn't shooting from the hip. Nor was he being vindictive. He passed up the chance, on the same TV show, to elaborate on McCormack's failings as a leader, to mention the fact that the Speaker's South Boston district, still enmeshed in 19th-century ward politics, is out of step with the current political trends in the country, just as is the man who represents it and, in doing so, reflects his district.

Bolling's outspokenness could hurt him. Already, there is speculation that it erased any chances he might have of winning one of his party's three leadership spots, if and when the Democrats in the House of Representatives rise up and demand, as they should, a change in leadership.

There is reason to believe an attempt to unseat Speaker McCormack will be made when the 91st Congress meets for the first time in January of 1969. Criticism of the Speaker's performance has been spreading in the last year. Today, it is voiced, privately, in every segment of the badly split Democratic ranks of the floundering House. One member, after listening to cloakroom comments that Monday, reported hearing liberals, moderates and conservatives agree with Bolling's statement.

The chances of replacing McCormack will probably be greater if the Republicans win control of the 91st Congress. At least Bolling thinks this is the case. GOP control of the next Congress would probably be the result of sharp Republican gains (and Democratic losses) in the South, and many of Speaker McCormack's present supporters for the leadership role come from the South.

One question remains. Will the House progressives, who have banded together in the Democratic Study Group (DSG) stick together and elect able, young liberal leaders? If the reaction to Bolling's statement – silence – is indicative, there isn't much hope they will. In that case, the next Speaker (or Minority Leader) could be Chairman Wilbur D. Mills (D, Ark) of House Ways and Means, an intelligent, dedicated conservative. That is another thing that bothers Bolling and it is another reason he decided to translate his frustration into saying publicly what is privately conceded – perhaps in the hope that it will become contagious.

Lawyers for the Poor

Those who oppose the poor having anything to do with the way federal antipoverty funds are disbursed are especially eager to do in the legal services program which has offered the poor an opportunity to contest arbitrary acts of government in the courts.

LSP has 1,800 lawyers operating out of 850 slum neighborhood offices around the country to represent poor people. They handle divorces, grievances with landlords and creditors, and so forth, but their most significant cases have been against government agencies. CRLA, the California Rural Legal Assistance program, is the largest and most controversial of the 300 such OEO-funded programs in the country. It provoked the animosity of Governor Reagan by staving off through court suits cuts in the state's Medi-Cal program, and by contesting the continued importation of Mexican labor and unjustified denials of welfare benefits in California's Sutter County. Reagan is expected to veto refunding of CRLA when it comes up in December. Whether Sargent Shriver, under pressure from the California congressional delegation, will override the veto remains to be seen. In the meantime another attack on the legal assistance program is being made which could effectively destroy it nationally.

At issue is the novel concept of the government paying lawyers to represent clients suing the government. California's Senator George Murphy is one of many politicians who has questioned the "propriety and the enormous expense to the taxpayer of a legal service program bringing suit against an agency of the federal, state, county or local government. In such instance, the taxpayer is paying the legal fees of both the plaintiff and the defendant – which does not seem quite right to me." Murphy introduced an amendment to the poverty bill when it was in the Senate that would prohibit all such suits by legal services attorneys. It failed.

Earl Johnson, who heads the legal services program at OEO has articulated another view, that the right to equal justice requires that people without money have the same access to an attorney and the same opportunity to sue the government as the better-off. Without it, he says, the poor are at the mercy of the bureaucrats and can't defend themselves against arbitrary, unconstitutional treatment. Moreover, he maintains, the legal services program has "brought disputes into the courtroom which might otherwise have generated picketing, demonstrations and violence." This riot prevention "benefit" is probably exaggerated, but it is politically productive at the moment and is being exploited by news releases from OEO ("Washington, D. C. Legal Services Program Helps to Avert Riots" was the title of one such story; "Cleveland LSP Helps Avert Violence" another). Nevertheless, the program has poten-

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tial as a steam valve in the slums, an outlet for pent-up anger through the courts. In addition to providing relief to a few litigants and alleviating somewhat the feeling of powerlessness among the poor, the legal services program has begun to have important effects on the law itself. For example, a recent Connecticut court ruling, rendering unconstitutional the state's one-year residency requirement for welfare benefits, is expected to affect practices in other states and benefits thousands of poor people who may never have heard of LSP.

The program is now in trouble, the OEO maintains, not because it has been inadequate but because it has done so well. LSP officials are fearful of what will happen when the poverty authorization bill for fiscal 1968 reaches the House floor within the next few days. Attacks are expected on three fronts.

First, the Murphy amendment to forbid suits against government agencies at all levels may be introduced under another name in the House. It stands a better chance of success than in the Senate. Between seven and 10 percent of the 320,000 cases handled by legal services lawyers last year were against welfare, social security, workmen's compensation, Veterans Administration, education and other government agencies. Among them were the most important law reform cases handled by LSP. "The Murphy amendment," says an OEO spokesman, "would eliminate those cases aimed directly at the causes of poverty. . . . The effect would be to deny equal justice to the poor in a year when the nation's urban ghettos have erupted in rioting."

The second attack feared by LSP is an amendment to operate legal services as a "judicare" program. Under such a setup, persons who had first been certified indigent would be eligible to go to the private attorney of their choice and he would be reimbursed, as in Medicare, by the federal government. The poor would no longer have easy access to law offices set up in their own neighborhoods and staffed by specialists in poverty law zealous for law reform as well as for serving the interests of their individual clients.

The third amendment expected by LSP is one that would require OEO to gain the approval of local bar associations if neighborhood legal services offices are to be funded in a community. Although the American Bar Association has praised the program, local bar associations, particularly in the South, have been critical and OEO officials predict that were the amendment to become law, LSP would be effectively killed.

History Lesson: **Britain Drops a Domino**

The plaque on the Concord Bridge monument, erected in 1876, records that on that spot the embattled farmers successfully resisted "British aggression." Aggression indeed! One winces. We now know that the British troops had merely marched to Concord on a "search and destroy" mission, to uncover hidden arms and to seize some of the principal ringleaders of the rebel conspiracy. They took this action reluctantly, after having exhausted all efforts at conciliation. Alerted that the hard-core insurgents had formed clandestine peasant militia, a clear challenge to established authority, morally committed to protect the lives and property of the many peace-loving loyal residents, the British had little choice but to resist the internal aggression.

The war was not popular in Britain. Many misguided intellectuals, *e.g.* Edmund Burke and Adam Smith, quietly sympathized with the rebels, naïvely romanticizing their character and goals. Extremist types like Thomas Paine openly aided the rebel cause. Heedful of opposition to the draft, the British government felt impelled to hire German allies to augment its embattled forces in the forests of New York and the rice fields of the Carolinas.

We cannot know for sure the course of events had the British succeeded in suppressing the insurgency. But we do know that the British themselves came from revolutionary stock, having successfully rebelled against what they had called tyrannical governments twice in the previous century. They were hardly, therefore, reactionaries. But rebellion against tyranny is one thing; overthrowing an established government is quite another! It is very likely that on restoring law and order, the British would have encouraged pragmatic local leaders to assume increasing responsibility for managing the affairs of the colonies, as they in fact began to do in various parts of the British empire a hundred years later.

Unfortunately, the British lacked the staying power, the ruthlessness, and, perhaps most importantly, the fire power and counterinsurgency know-how to suppress the rebellion. They fought unimaginatively against an enemy which, though armed with inferior weapons, was able to live off the land and blend into the landscape when hard pressed. The British-kill ratio simply never reached the critical level which might have turned the tide. Their efforts at psychological warfare were limited and risible, whereas the insurgents' agitprop, led by fanatics like Samuel Adams and Thomas Paine, developed catchy, hard-hitting slogans well suited for winning popular support and sustaining the morale of the insurgent forces. These forces were also backed by an effective political infrastructure, whose

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functions were to recruit, provide intelligence and material support for the rebel forces in the field; and to kill, terrorize or drive out government officials, clergy, merchants and landowners who remained loyal to the established government. Who can say what the outcome would have been had the British been ruthless and imaginative enough to strike at the roots of the rebellion by systematically destroying the rebel infrastructure and logistics base, burning crops, blowing up hard-core villages, regrouping the peasants in British-controlled territory, and applying other forceful pacification measures to win over the hearts and minds of the colonists?

The failure to understand the techniques of insurgency was, however, only one factor in the British defeat. Another was the support provided the rebels by France and, to a limited degree, by Spain – at first logistic support, later direct military forces. This support from two bulwarks of conservatism in Europe was indeed ironic. A decade later France was one of the leading dominoes to fall as a result of the failure of the British counterinsurgency effort. Soon afterward Spain also went, though fortunately the British were able subsequently to restore responsible pragmatic government to that country. DAVID FELIX

Dow at Harvard

The Right to Recruit On College Campuses

by Maurice Ford

Dow Chemical has many diversified interests, but students are concerned with only .5 percent of its business. Dow is the principal supplier to the United States military of napalm – a jelly-like substance that defoliates human beings as well as trees. Seventy students were injured by riot-trained police and 13 expelled at the University of Wisconsin when they locked arms to prevent interviews with Dow. A sleep-in was staged against Dow on the carpeted floor of the plush Regents Room of the University of Minnesota. Students at the University of Illinois kept a Dow recruiter isolated in a room for five hours. On October 25, it was Harvard's turn when Dr. Frederick Leavitt, Dow's interviewer, was imprisoned for seven hours by 300 Harvard and Radcliffe students jamming the corridors of Mallinckrodt Chemical Laboratories, while others picketed outside with signs reading "Dow Shalt Not Kill" and "Napalm – Johnson's Baby Powder." The Dean of Harvard College, Fred Glimp, urged the obstructors to leave, intimating they might be guilty of kidnaping, until a more legally astute demonstrator pointed out an essential element of that crime was "secreting a person in a place where no one knew where to find him," which caused all to break out in laughter.

This was a good-humored, responsible crowd, not the often violent mob which had confronted Secretary of Defense McNamara a year ago. Harvard deans and faculty members (among them Louis Fieser, the inventor of napalm) were allowed to go to and from the interview room at will. Dow's Dr. Leavitt was encouraged to address the crowd, and he explained that the aspect of the business for which he sought recruits had nothing to do with napalm, but the students were unwilling to accept this nice distinction. For them, Dow Chemical – and Harvard for inviting Dow – were copartners with the Johnson Administration in genocide. They refused to permit Dr. Leavitt to leave until he had signed a statement commiting Dow never to darken Harvard's doors again.

Is recruiting but one branch of freedom of speech, or an activity essentially more invidious? The leaders of the Harvard protest had no objection to Dow hiring a university lecture hall and expounding on the efficacy of napalm as a means of concluding the war – as it has done uncritically in a recent press release: "The United States is involved in Vietnam. As long as we are involved, we believe in fulfilling our responsibility to this national commitment of a democratic society. And we do this because we believe in the long-term goals of our country." But recruiting was something different. Dow Chemical had chosen to profit from one of the more hideous aspects of the war and was inducing students, for a share of that financial gain, to sell a very meaningful part of themselves.

Neil Rudenstine, a popular assistant professor of English, recalled that, not so many years ago when he had been a senior at Princeton, considerable McCarthyite opposition had been expressed to the appearance of Alger Hiss. Yet at the insistence of a number of students probably not much larger than those seeking interviews with Dow, Hiss had been permitted to speak. Did today's liberals wish to adopt the repressive techniques of yesteryear? Rudenstine then considered the role of the university in the mod-

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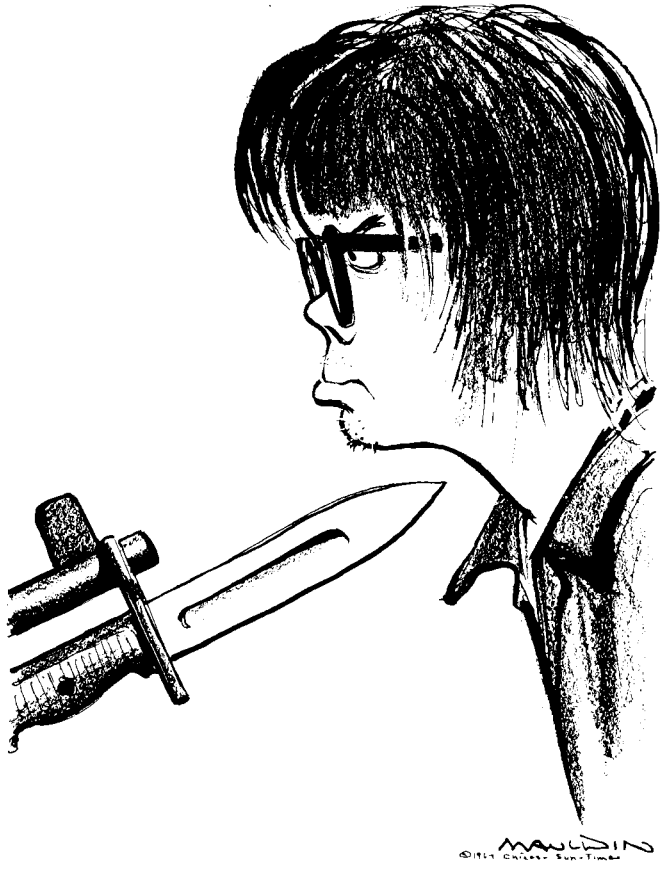
ern world. If a university really cared about the ideas put forth in its academic and professional schools, did it not have a duty to facilitate the translation of those ideas into action in the real world, and did not a placement office constitute an important nexus with that world? Moreover, should not the corporations, law firms and colleges seeking teachers (all of which use the recruitment office) represent a spectrum commensurate with the university's own emphasis on diversity of ideas?

Rudenstine's rhetorical questions caused the focus of opinion to shift. The students reacted in a manner not unlike that of the crowds in Shakespeare's Roman plays (which Rudenstine teaches) after an Antony has moved them. Instead of concentrating on Dow and the war, the protest began to center on the aspect that touched most nearly home – Harvard's complicity. The demonstrators voted to place the issue of making ethical distinctions among potential recruiters squarely on the Harvard faculty (which has promised to debate the matter). Then, realizing that Dr. Leavitt was without power to commit Dow permanently and that no agreement made by anyone under duress would be binding, they released him. With the freeing of the "hostage," the prospect of police action and violence was averted. That evening the demonstrators reassembled and, in an orderly meeting, specifically requested the university to withdraw permission to interview from the Central Intelligence Agency, the Army and the Navy, all due on campus shortly.



The Great Society – 1967

Given the buildup of recent events, that the Dow sit-in did not erupt into violence bordered on the miraculous. Tear gas and clubs had been used to break up the demonstration at Wisconsin. Just the Saturday before, students in the front ranks at the Pentagon had been beaten by MP's rifle butts to an extent far greater than that reported by *The New York Times*. Many of the Harvard demonstrators who had witnessed the March on Washington felt psychologically compelled to make a similar commitment. "The university just has to take a stand right now, "declared a Harvard junior desperate for a meaningful outlet for his feelings. "We saw the heads smashed in Washington, and we have to do something here. We're beating our heads against a wall. We can't stand still anymore." Furthermore, for most young people, there is a certain very real excitement in being able to say you were there "when the cops came," and to show the bruises and the bravery.

At first the Harvard demonstration boded to be like many of the others, with a fair amount of self-justifying (or aggrandizing) martyrdom. The students had voted not to leave, no matter how many police arrived to drag them away. Experienced demonstrators had sent out the word to remove all ties and earrings. Yet, albeit sitting-in to dramatize their cause, these demonstrators had presented their grievances very rationally. Michael Ansara '68, a former president of Students for a Democratic Society, had argued, by and large, coolly and persuasively. After deans, young faculty and fellow students had urged that holding a powerless man hostage might only hurt the movement, the demonstrators reversed themselves.

Although unbeaten Harvard and Dartmouth clashed in football this past weekend, almost all student concern in Cambridge has focused on the consequences of the Dow confrontation. Do recruiters fulfill an "academic" function sufficient to outweigh whatever moral ills their businesses are heir to? What punishment should be meted out to students driven by a desperate war to perhaps desperate acts? Universities traditionally cherish the notion that *veritas* can only follow the free expression of all ideas. Although these demonstrators might rejoice at the exclusion of Dow and the CIA, would they really want to establish the precedent of ceding the university authority to decide other "moral" matters? And yet moral judgments are already being made by universities in many areas. Almost all colleges impose restrictions on dating in their buildings; should not ethical evaluations be made in the more fundamental area of war?

Substantial pressure had been put on the deans

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and faculty to expel the leaders of the demonstration. Expulsion, even for a year, would have resulted in some of these men being sent to Vietnam, or, if they refused induction, to jail. The authorities stopped short of expulsion. Seventy-four students were put on probation for "contributing to the forcible obstruction of a visitor."

The usual penalties of probation were softened, however. While the students who have been affected may not represent the university in outside activities, no scholarships are to be withdrawn; nor will students who had already been on probation be expelled for this second offense. By forebearing to isolate the ringleaders, the university recognized unity behind a moral issue. In brief, the university showed its continuing interest in combating residual fears that Harvard is a bastion for the well-bred, uninvolved few.

Faculties themselves are confused as to whether these demonstrations "really" are symbolic protests against the war or blatant assertions of the principle of student power (perhaps long overdue, when we consider the experience of Latin American countries). Over 400 Harvard and Radcliffe students and teaching fellows, desiring equal treatment for all, had surrendered their identification cards as an expression of solidarity with the demonstrators. Tenured faculty members who appeared on the scene and encouraged the protesters to remain must search their own souls now that the 74 have been put on probation. Do such faculty have a moral obligation to limit their own privileges in some way for a corresponding length of time?

The questions posed by the Harvard protest against Dow apply to many universities. The dialogue is still continuing as university officials, conscious that the right to dissent is neither easy to exercise nor to administer, try to work out an appropriate solution. The triumph of discourse-in-demonstration was made possible, in part, by the good humor of the Dow representative and the commendable tolerance of some deans, who let the protest run its course without resorting to the police. But perhaps most of all it was due to the attitude of the students, anxious to be responsible to their cause, who, despite great pressures to provoke violence, chose restraint rather than constraint. October 25th was, as a bystander phrased it, "one of the best classroom days ever at Harvard."

The Death of Ché Guevara

by Bjorn Kumm

They brought Ché Guevara at five o'clock in the afternoon of October 9 to the airfield outside the small town of Vallegrande in southeastern Bolivia. The fighting had been fierce. Ché had been among the first casualties and his comrades had been fighting viciously to recover the body. They failed. Most of them also fell, among them Ché's Cuban bodyguards Antonio and Pancho. The remainder, after 30 hours of battle, managed to get away, pursued by the Bolivian army's tough, US-trained Rangers.

Ché's body was brought in tied to the landing shafts of a helicopter, swirling gently down at the airport one hour before dusk. A car was waiting at the far end of the field; so were, it seemed, most of Vallegrande's 10,000 inhabitants. Soldiers tried to keep the crowds away, but as the helicopter touched down, they lost control. Even the soldiers ran toward the helicopter, and behind them came the crowds. When eventually they came to their senses, the soldiers turned about and pointed menacingly at the civilians, forcing them to stay where they were. From the air it must have looked like a gigantic chess game, with pawns frozen in absurd positions. Meanwhile, the helicopter unloaded the body into the automobile, and the car rapidly took off toward the hospital of Vallegrande.

That is where, a few minutes later, I got my first glimpse of Guevara. They had taken him to an outdoor morgue that looked rather more like a stable on a small hill above the hospital. About 10 persons – doctors, soldiers, nurses – were around the body, working frantically. A nun dressed in white was standing at the body's head. Now and then she smiled gently.

At first, I thought Ché was still alive. It looked as if the doctors were administering a blood transfusion. Through two openings in the neck, they were injecting

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MR. KUMM, *a reporter for Aftonbladet, one of Stockholm's leading dailies, was one of four correspondents present when Guevara's body was brought to Vallegrande, Bolivia, last month.*

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liquid from a vessel being held by a soldier standing with his legs wide apart above the body. Then I was told they were filling the body with formalin to embalm it.

It was a ghastly sight. Not so much because of the corpse, whose face as the soldiers lifted its head seemed rather peaceful. But there was the white-clad nun, smiling encouragingly; and the laughing soldiers who were slapping each others' backs; and a sturdy man in battle-dress and an American T-shirt, with a very modern machine-gun, who seemed somehow to be in charge of the whole performance. He saw to it that the fingerprints were properly taken. He waved at the soldiers not to disturb the doctors and nurses at work, and above all he seemed bent on keeping journalists away. Earlier in the day he had ejected two British journalists from Vallegrande's airfield, as they were taking pictures of the troops. He was overheard saying, "Let's get the hell out of here," in a most American way. But at this point he was taciturn, answered questions only in Spanish, and shied away from having his photograph taken. His name is Ramos, one of the Bolivian journalists told me. He is a Cuban refugee, employed, the journalist said, by the Central Intelligence Agency. The Americans brought him and a half-dozen other Cubans here to interrogate guerrilla prisoners.

This, then, was to be Ché Guevara's fate: a slab of meat tied to a helicopter, carried from the battlefield in the jungle to a morgue in Vallegrande, laid out in front of the press, and – to top it all – identified and inspected by a refugee *gusano* from Cuba, whose pleasure and satisfaction it was to check personally that his most hated enemy, next to Fidel Castro, was dead.

As long as they were busy filling the body with formalin, it was rather difficult to see who it really was. The head was thrown back, the long hair was dangling and almost touching the floor. The stench of the formalin was almost impossible to stomach. Suddenly, one of the soldiers grabbed the body by its hair and yanked it into a sitting position.

There was no doubt about it. It was Ché, much slimmer than he used to be in the old photographs, smiling at Punta del Este, cutting cane in Cuba. But that seemed to be a normal consequence of half a year in the Bolivian jungle. He didn't look emaciated, as one had been given to believe by Bolivian army reports that Ché, known as "Ramon" among the Bolivian guerrillas, was a very sick man, suffering from asthma and rheumatism, and finding it impossible to walk.

I recalled a picture that had been hanging in every newsstand in La Paz during the last month. It was originally from *Paris-Match* and showed Ché delightfully stretched out on a sofa, like some kind of male model for a female edition of *Playboy*. That picture was supposedly taken shortly before his disappearance from Cuba in 1965. Crowds had stood around that picture in La Paz, reading eagerly every word about the mysterious Number One Revolutionary of Latin America. And now here, in the improvised morgue which had been set up at Vallegrande, the picture had its dreadful counterpart.

They were washing the body. "Show some respect," a Bolivian army sergeant exhorted the journalists, "at least don't take pictures of him in the nude." A captain threateningly showed a film he had grabbed from a bystander's camera and confiscated. The soldiers were trying to dress the body. They got the trousers on, but when they tried to put on the jacket, it turned out that the arms were already getting stiff. And so they had to give up their attempt.

General Ovando, chief of the Bolivian armed forces, was inspecting the ceremony in person. One of the radio reporters, representing a station in Santa Cruz, talked into his tape recorder: "This is Vallegrande. The leader of the Castro communist invasion of our fatherland has fallen here, thanks to the effort of the Bolivian armed forces, commanded by the glorious General Ovando." The general smiled a delphic smile.

How had Ché died? He had been captured Sunday night, the army said; he was mortally wounded and had died early Monday morning. Impossible, the doctors said. Ché died from wounds in the heart and both lungs, around noon Monday, five or six hours before he was brought to Vallegrande. What conclusion must one draw? – that Ché had been coolly executed after his capture.

If the army officials had stuck to one story from the beginning, they would have fared better. But while Colonel Zenteno, chief of the Eighth Division in Santa Cruz, who was directly responsible for the killing of Ché, maintained Ché had died immediately, officials higher up talked freely of what Ché had said and how he had acted after his capture. I flew to Vallegrande in a military transport plane from Santa Cruz, together with Admiral Ugarteche, commander-in-chief of the Bolivian navy, who said: "I have been told that Ché's last words were: 'I am Ché. Don't kill me. I have failed.' I have the impression he wanted to save his life. It's very often like that. In battle, you don't feel fear, but afterwards you become a coward."

The crowd outside the hospital had broken through the gates and were now streaming upwards toward the morgue. The soldiers kept them at a distance, but when finally the body was brought out on a stretcher for the benefit of the journalists, men, women, little girls came forward and the soldiers carrying the stretcher dropped it. For a short while, I thought the crowd was going to tear the body apart. Then the soldiers once again gained control and the body was brought back to the morgue. That's where I threw a last glance at it. "The forehead," I thought, "those very heavy, almost swol-

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len lobes above the eyebrows, that ought to be one of the surest ways to identify Ché."

I looked at the body. The lobes were very heavy, strongly accentuated. If this was not Ché, it was his twin brother.

We went by jeep back to Santa Cruz, and then on to La Paz to tell the world Ché was gone.

He had left Cuba in March 1965 because there was no longer a place for him in the Cuban political leadership and because the Russians on whom the Cubans depend in order to survive the American embargo, wanted Guevara out of the way. He was their enemy. On his last official journey around the world, in the spring of 1965, Ché had caused a sensation in Algiers when he made a scathing attack on the Russians. Then Guevara returned home and disappeared. It did not seem farfetched to assume he had been liquidated.

Only now is it possible to piece together Ché's itinerary after his disappearance. He seems to have traveled widely in Latin America, appearing now and then in Guatemala, where guerrillas are active, in Peru and in Brazil. He used various passports, some of which the Bolivian government found in a dead guerrilla fighter's *mochila*. He may have been in the Congo. He most certainly at one time or another was in North Vietnam, where the hard core Bolivian guerrillas were sent for training as a kind of revolutionary counterpart to the American Special Forces who get their training in South Vietnam and use their knowledge to train highly efficient Bolivian Rangers. For a couple of weeks during the spring of 1966, Guevara was in Paris; then in late 1966, he arrived in Bolivia.

His affection for Bolivia apparently began when, as a young student in the fifties, he had bummed his way around Latin America. Bolivia had had a glorious revolution; its army had been completely wiped out in three days of heavy battle in April 1952; the tin mines had been nationalized, the large estates broken up. But the army was recreated by President Victor Paz Estenssoro; life for the miners was still bad; land reform did nothing to improve agriculture; the peasants' trade unions soon turned into armed gangs used by *sindicato* leaders for their own ends.

It was easy for Ché Guevara to conclude later that the Bolivian revolution had failed because it hadn't gone whole hog as had the Cuban's. But he apparently had no illusions that the Bolivians could repeat the Cuban pattern. For one thing, the Cuban revolution had taken place at a time when the Soviet Union was favorably inclined to helping revolutions in the Third World. This was no longer so, Ché had observed; then too, the Cuban revolution was at the outset at least tolerated by the United States. But not even democratic liberal, "constitutional" revolutions, such as the one in the Dominican Republic in 1965, would any longer be tolerated by the US, he thought. A successful revolution in Bolivia would mean intervention on a massive scale by US troops, Ché believed, and this actually was what he was aiming for. In his 1967 message to the Tricontinental Conference in Havana, written when he already was in Bolivia, he exhorted revolutionaries all over Latin America to create "two, three, many Vietnams" and try to bleed the American military forces to death. As he was writing that message, he himself was actively training his men in Ñancahuazu in southern Bolivia to do just that.

It is now known that Guevara appeared at a secret meeting in Prague in early May 1965, after his disappearance from Cuba. At the meeting, a group of Bolivians, who were later to become the nucleus of the guerrilla force, listened to Ché explain that they had to prepare themselves by studying the revolutionary situation in Latin America, but above all by preparing themselves militarily. One of those attending was Coco Peredo, member of the Bolivian Communist Party's Central Committee, and by profession a taxi driver in La Paz, who immediately proceeded to North Vietnam, where for the next year he and others were given training in guerrilla warfare. In late 1966, they resurfaced in Bolivia, where a farm had been bought, and where military training was taking place, much as Fidel and Ché 10 years earlier had trained their troops on a deserted farm in the state of Michoacan in Mexico. But things didn't go as planned. In early 1967, both the CIA and the Bolivian army were aware something was going on. A member of the original nucleus had talked, and, it is believed, had done so for money. In March, after a sudden battle with Bolivian troops in the area, the guerrillas had to move on hurriedly.

They did fairly well up till August. Then the Rangers encircled the main body of them. Joaquin, one of the Cuban advisers, and Tania, an Argentinian girl who served as liaison officer, and several others were killed at a river pass in August. In late September, Coco Peredo was killed. Less than two weeks later, Guevara.

COMING: *Joseph Alsop replies to critics of his article on schools in the slums*

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Early Self-Portrait

Frank Conroy's first book, *Stop-time*,* is an autobiography, published at the age of 31. His life, though somewhat unconventional, has not been highly extraordinary or unusually exciting, and it has certainly not been celebrated; yet his account of it is extraordinary and exciting, and it will, I hope, become celebrated.

When a writer's first book is a novel, it is often an autobiographical act of vindication. He wants to show the world how it has undervalued him, how his parents or teachers or girls or employers did not see his sensitivity and worth. This sort of novel is, in a way, a substitute for firm religious faith: if a young man believed thoroughly that Someone knew the truth about him, he might feel less compulsion to prove it to his contemporaries. But Conroy's book is quite a different case. Here is a young writer (and he is clearly a writer, not just someone who has written a book) who has begun his career with straight autobiography. The impulse was not toward justification or dramatization, not even toward drama (although very little of it sags); the impulse was to illuminate and to be illuminated, to recapture and understand the successive senses of growth and departure, inheritance and loss. In short, Conroy's impulse was more that of the poet than the novelist, crystallization of experience more than utilization.

The book opens and closes with two very brief passages in the "present" – the young author living in England with his wife. They seem to me dispensable as framework, and besides they are the only self-dramatizing pages. Otherwise it is simply Conroy's story – not always in strict chronology and with some fluttering of tenses – from early memories until he entered college. His father was mentally ill and disappeared in effect when the author was three or four (although there were visits). A handsome New Orleans man of French descent, named Jean, came to live with Frank and his mother and his older sister, Alison; his mother, Dagmar, subsequently married him. Jean served as Frank's father and, since there was no blood tie, he could also be an older brother.

They lived in New York and in a house they built for themselves in Florida. All kinds of odd jobs were worked at, including weekend caretaking by Dagmar and Jean at a mental hospital in Connecticut. Frank discovered nature in Florida and sex in Central Park. In mid-adolescence he ran away from New York, as far as Baltimore. After some schooling in Manhattan he was sent to an international high school in Denmark (his mother is Danish), then returned to enter an American college, which is where the book ends. There are eccentric escapades, like the section in which Jean brings another woman into the apartment while Dagmar is visiting in Denmark, or Alison's period of mental breakdown, but most of the incidents are, in themselves, familiar stuff.

What makes them fascinating is the way that Conroy has remembered them – how he was at the time, what they did to him then – and how he has now set them down. His prose is lean yet colorful, the servant of an imagination that insists on capturing reality in several simultaneous senses. Here is the Connecticut cabin near the hospital, where they stayed on weekends:

> "Every Friday the cheap padlock was opened, every Friday I stepped inside. A room so dim my blood turned gray, so cold I knew no human heart had ever beaten there – every line, every article of furniture, every scrap of paper on the floor, every burned-out match in a saucer filling me with desolation, depopulating me."

Here he is loafing around a Florida gas station:

> "Is it the mindlessness of childhood that opens up the world? Today nothing happens in a gas station. I'm eager to leave, to get where I'm going, and the station, like some huge paper cutout, or a Hollywood set, is simply a façade. But at thirteen, sitting with my back against the wall, it was a marvelous place to be. The delicious smell of gasoline, the cars coming and going, the free air hose, the half-heard voices buzzing in the background – these things hung musically in the air, filling me with a sense of well-being. In ten minutes my psyche would be topped up like the tanks of the automobiles."

There is wit. Describing his crazy father:

> "He had a tendency to take off his trousers and throw them out the window. (I harbor some secret admiration for this.) At a moment's notice he could blow a thousand dollars at Abercrombie and Fitch and disappear into the Northwest to become an outdoorsman. He spent an anxious few weeks convinced that I was fated to become a homosexual. I was six months old."

There is witty retrospective observation:

> "[My mother] didn't share Jean's enthusiasm for clearly recognizable people, people with specialties. All Jean's pals had some dog-eared passport through life – one was an inventor, another a chess expert, another simply rebellious – sad, lonely men looking for some place to get out of the cold. Jean met them in cafeterias."

There is, by and large, no sentimentality. For example, on his runaway expedition, he meets two highly engaging people, a singing truckdriver and a Travelers Aid woman. Conroy simply lets them behave, speak, and leave; action is character, without the author's relish.

He also omits still more oppressive modern sentimentality: a tedious and unsparing confrontation of the Facts of Life. In a book about adolescence by

(Continued on page 46)

* *Stop-time*, by Frank Conroy (Viking; $5.95)

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Fall Book Number

Miss Stein and the Ladies

by Clara More de Morinni

It is rather rare to find anything off the record about Gertrude Stein. What with her articulate band of admirers, and her own power of putting herself across, there are few unreported aspects of even her daily life with Alice B. Toklas. But occasionally an unexpected episode pops up, such as Miss Stein's unheralded speaking appearance in December 1933, at the American Women's Club in Paris.

Lectures had helped make Gertrude Stein known to the wider world. Her first, undertaken with trepidation, was in 1926 before the University of Cambridge, the second with more confidence at Oxford. Both were highly successful.

But the appearance at the American Women's Club was purely spontaneous and unrehearsed. The Club had its ups and downs. At the moment its setting was a sumptuous mansion on the rue Boissière in the 16th arrondissement, a marble-floored gold-adorned building that had been the property of Dr. Serge Voronoff, the proponent of the so-called "monkey gland rejuvenation" theory. Rather unfairly this seemed to diminish slightly the dignity of the house, but the handicap was bravely surmounted. It was very handsome, and the Club quite successful. Among its most interesting activities were the *causeries* by eminent and semi-eminent literary figures.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, who wrote the story of Jack the Ripper, called *The Lodger*, had come from London to speak. Very small and plump and severely dressed in black, she had a surprising and disconcerting resemblance to Queen Victoria. Helen De Guerry Simpson came from London too. She had won an Australian Library Prize for a long and fascinating novel about a family's transition from Australia to England, also *The Spanish Marriage*, a picture of Mary Tudor. She was charming and died tragically in the blitz of the Second World War. Louis Bromfield and the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, among others, had represented literary Paris.

One such lecture, preceded by a large dinner party, was scheduled for the night of December 8, 1933, and I was to select the speaker. I chose the well-known French historian and critic, Bernard Fay, an authority on American history and the author of a biography of Benjamin Franklin; it seemed a most suitable choice for a Franco-American evening. Fay had accepted and had then asked that two of his friends, Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, be invited. This pleased me very much. I did not really know these two ladies, although

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I had met them in the American Library, then on the rue d'Elysée.

The evening turned out to be fairly snowy and stormy for Paris but nothing really alarming, and about seven-thirty guests began to arrive at the rue Boissière with stout wrapping over dinner coats and glittering evening gowns. A pleasant hum of conversation began as people warmed up with various drinks. Fay's two guests arrived and were looked at with the surprised interest their appearance always aroused: Gertrude Stein with her Roman emperor's head over stiff garments that seemed to be cut out of tweed, whether or no; Alice Toklas enigmatic and dark, with her slight resemblance, in spite of dangling earrings, to a Hebrew prophet. Miss Stein had a deep warm voice, seemed pleased at being there, looked about her, asked questions. Miss Toklas, in the flowered dress she often affected, said little and gave the impression of sizing one up.

But time was running out and no Bernard Fay. Eight-thirty came and went; still no speaker. I, as the chairman, felt butterflies in my stomach as guests began to wander toward the dining-room. It was a very handsome room, lit with crystal chandeliers and opening into a shadowy green winter garden, but it had never appeared so cheerless to my eyes.

Finally the committee went into a huddle and it was agreed that dinner should be served, and apologies made later to the speaker for having begun without him. At this critical moment the telephone rang and Bernard Fay's secretary's voice came through saying that he had had a telegram with the news that the historian was snowbound in Copenhagen. Obviously he was not to arrive that evening.

Sitting at the head table and wondering what next, I looked with gratitude on Monsieur Fay's friends. I slipped around to Alice Toklas between courses, and asked whether Miss Stein would take pity on the diners and speak afterwards?

Why not ask her?

So I asked and Miss Stein said firmly that she would answer questions. This was broadcast to the dining-room. There was a murmur of interest and satisfaction and people turned around to take a second look at Miss Stein.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas had been published a few months before; the writer was already a celebrity. Thornton Wilder later said of her that during the war G.I.'s came to Paris to see Gertrude Stein and the Eiffel Tower. Miss Stein herself had written somewhere: "I love to ask questions and I do not dislike answering them." Now she was having a perfect opportunity to do both.

I finished my dinner in peace and actually enjoyed it. We had a good chef, and now we had a speaker.

After dinner came the move to the ballroom, smallish for a ballroom but charming with its moulded gilded stucco and long windows with yellow brocade curtains. Then the evening really began. It turned out to be a far more exciting occasion than the original plan had promised. Questions came thick and fast.

"Is scrap iron with buttons on it Art?" was among the first. Miss Stein laughed. She had a wonderful laugh. I do not remember her answer, but it was all right. The evening was saved.

Some critics have since said that Miss Stein really didn't know much about art, that her associations with Picasso and Matisse, for instance, were merely fortuitous, due in great part to the purchases of her brother, Leo. But on that Saturday night, December 8, 1933, she had very convincing comments on the matter. The audience was delighted to find that she had an easy, outgoing platform manner, and could and did speak direct and lucid English.

There was one notable duel between her and Mrs. Harry Lehr, the widow of the legendary cotillion leader of vanished Newport. Mrs. Lehr, who had a magnificent mansion on the rue de St. Pères. It was filled with furniture and *objets d'art* of the 17th century, and obviously, in Mrs. Lehr's opinion, no art worth speaking about had ever appeared since the reign of the Roi Soleil. She alluded with fervor to Hyacinthe Rigaud and ermine mantles, and Largillière and frills. Gertrude Stein countered with Picasso and Braque. There could be no compromise, no meeting of minds, and the lively interchange was punctuated by bursts of laughter and applause. In the end, Mrs. Lehr, either routed or enraged, left with a swish of black chiffon and a glitter

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of diamond bracelets. But the questions went right on.

The evening was a huge success and was reported on the front page of the *New York Herald Tribune* the next morning under the heading, "Gertrude Stein Meets Hecklers in Art Session at Women's Club."

The account began: "Gertrude Stein stepped into the breach last night at the American Women's Club as pinch-hitting speaker when Professor Bernard Fay found himself unavoidably detained in Copenhagen." The *Herald Tribune* went on: "Miss Stein began by saying, 'I am unprepared to speak, but I will answer questions'."

"Why don't modern artists paint things as they see them?" This query came with others, from different parts of the room at almost the same time. Miss Stein took a deep breath.

"They try to paint the compositions before them as they do see them," she explained. "Human beings do not change, but the picture of the age before our eyes changes. The creative artist, whether he be an inventor like Wilbur Wright, or a painter, senses the change and tries to show the public what he sees."

"The modern artist or writer is not just trying to astonish the world. Otherwise no sane person would work for years like a dog just to achieve the contempt of the greater part of the public." She was obviously thinking about her own work.

"Maybe they're not sane!" came a shout from the audience.

"Oh, don't be silly!" exclaimed Miss Stein gently. She gave the impression of patting her heckler on the head.

She went on, as the *Herald Tribune* indicated: "The point is the creative artist is always alone with his idea. The question of the public is only vanity. After he has done his work, he may be hurt by others' mockery, or pleased with their applause. But the onlookers, who see the changes in contemporary composition, but can't understand them, don't count."

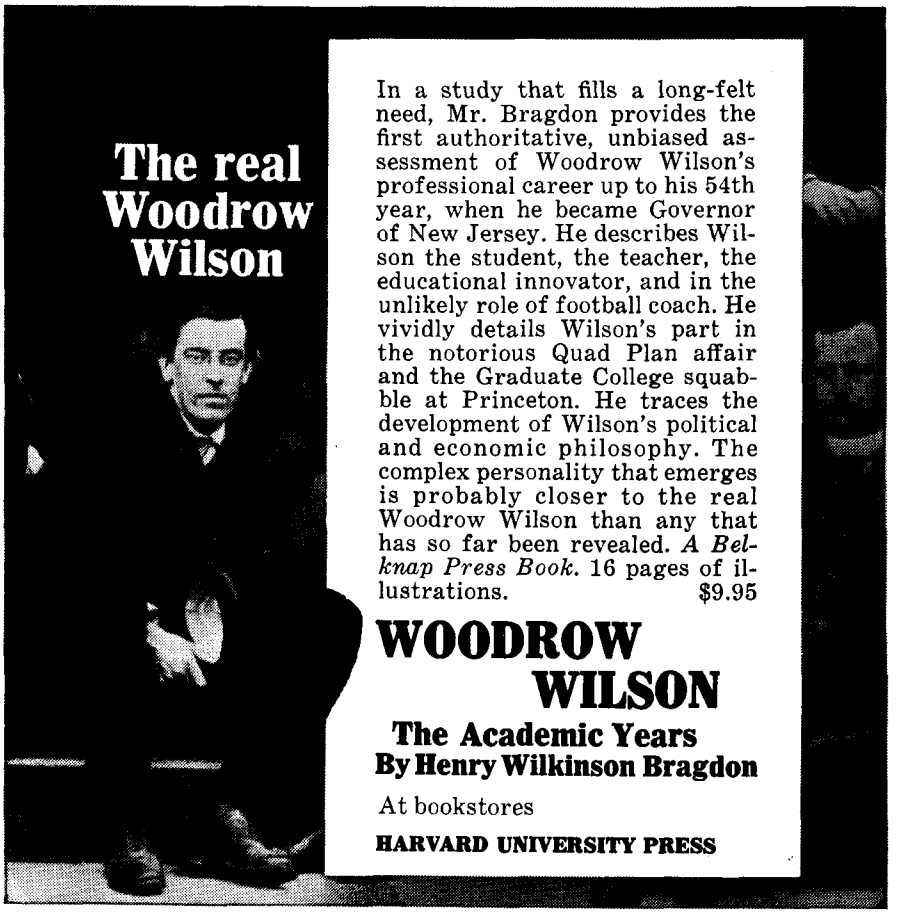
Some of the audience was wondering whether it "counted" or not.

"Most people live in their epoch in that they understand ordinary things, such as steam heat and automobiles, but insist upon living in the past in matters of the intellect."

This seemed true; but the pronouncement was followed by protestations, applause, congratulations and vehement denials. The evening ended in the warmest atmosphere of spirited controversy.

The next high spot for the chairman was being invited to tea to sample one of Miss Toklas' wonderful cakes. The two friends were still living on the rue de Fleurus. The cake *was* wonderful, but more interesting were the pile of little *cahiers* on the desk, the notebooks of French schoolchildren in which Gertrude Stein wrote her work. On the table were the skeins of wool and silk that would go into the petit point tapestry designed by Picasso, and destined for the little Louis XV armchairs or *chauffeures*. But best of all, Picasso's portrait of Gertrude Stein still hung on the wall. There she was, leaning forward, eyes intent, hair still long and arranged in a brown coil, a plain dark dress. It was very impressive. What a piece of luck I have had, I thought to myself. The invitation to tea was followed by an even more enchanting one, to lunch at Bilignin, Belley (Ain) a summer home. The postcard on which the invitation was written, with a lopsided completely unrealistic view of the house there, painted by Sir Francis Rose, I only received on getting back to the United States. But Carl van Vechten furnished photographs of Bilignin: Gertrude Stein working in box-bordered flower beds with a small black dog named Byron looking on, or Gertrude sitting on the stone wall of the garden with the white poodle, Basket, beside a rose-covered "*gloriette*." This was set against a misty landscape, accented by rows of poplars, so perfectly French and so satisfying.

One can only wonder what Fay thought of it all when he finally escaped from Copenhagen. But he was fond of Gertrude Stein and had said "the greatest, most beautiful of her gifts is her presence." He could only have been delighted.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What Adlai Stevenson Left Us

by Gerald W. Johnson

The most startling encomium in American political history is that of "Old Bullion" Benton when, near the end of his life, he was asked for an estimate of the seventh President. He said, "General Jackson was a great man, sir. I shot him, sir."

Yet it might be taken, figuratively of course, as the current estimate by Uncle Sam of his late nephew Adlai E. Stevenson. It is pretty generally agreed that he was a great man, but it is on the historical record that the electorate shot him down, not once, but twice. The fact that Jackson was shot in the body and Stevenson in the career is a distinction, certainly, but that it is a difference is debatable.

Adlai Stevenson: A Study in Values
by Herbert J. Muller
(Harper & Row; $6.95)

Can the analogy be carried further? This is the question with which Herbert J. Muller deals in a brilliant, provocative, often illuminating but sometimes blinding volume that he is careful to describe not as a biography, but as "a study in values." It is, in fact, biographical only to the extent necessary to locate the subject in time and space. Stevenson was born in 1900 and therefore was one of the rapidly diminishing number of Americans who have had some personal experience of a time of peace. He grew up in several small towns in Illinois in a definitely upper-class family, well-to-do, but not millionaires, influential, but not dominant. The name of Stevenson was borne by one Vice President and several other men who gained distinction in public life. In another social system it would be described as noble, but not royal, as are Adams, Harrison, and Roosevelt, names of the two-President families.

Having thus located his man, Muller thereafter gives only passing attention to events and environment, concentrating on analysis of Stevenson's ideas and a calculus of their impact on our political history. The procedure is logical and logically inconclusive. Jackson took Benton's bullet, but survived to become far more illustrious than he was at the time of the affray. There is a current hypothesis, attractive to many, that Stevenson's political philosophy, like Jackson's physical frame, although twice knocked out, yet survives and may become tremendously potent in the relatively near future. Muller presents it, but without acceptance. He is inconclusive. He simply doesn't know.

Stevenson asserted that his highest aspiration was to raise somewhat the intellectual level of political dialogue in this country. That he did, momentarily. Muller's book would be worth reading if it contained nothing but its evocation of the dazzling campaign of 1952, which Stevenson opened with the proposal, "Let's talk sense to the American people." He lived up to it and was accused of talking above the heads of the people. That is inexact. What he talked above was not their heads, but their hearts. Idiomatically, "let's talk sense" was perfectly comprehensible, but emotionally it was new and strange, therefore suspect. In the experience of the majority of the voters, politicians never talk sense, so when one appears to do so it may be assumed that he is either crooked or crazy, in either case not to be relied on. By contrast Eisenhower's empty platitudes in their very sonority demonstrated their emptiness, *i.e.*, their vacuity of anything explosive. The pandemonian horror-howlers, Joe McCarthy, Nixon, Jenner and the like, with their pack of trained poodles happy, for a dog-biscuit, to defile any altar of patriotism, had eliminated from many minds every issue except Safety First. If Ike had no ideas, at least he did not harbor the damfool one of talking sense to people conditioned to respond to nonsense only.

Yet 27 million Americans, even in the atmosphere of terror, were so fascinated by the idea that it lingered on and Kennedy used it, somewhat diluted, to erase Nixon in 1960, while Goldwater's effort to drag political dialogue to the old level of skeleton-rattling proved disastrous in 1964. Thus there is some evidence that Stevenson's political phi-

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losophy is no deader than Old Hickory's body was after the fight with Benton.

Muller, therefore, is not merely threshing over old straw. He is seriously considering a possibility that many Americans regard as a probability, namely, that Stevenson will prove to be another of those men who have profoundly influenced the trend of political thinking in this country without ever being President – Clay, Calhoun, the original LaFollette, Bryan. Some of them, Calhoun in chief, talked, not sense but ruinous nonsense to the people, but each diverted the main current of political ideas from the direction it had been following and set it to cutting a new channel.

An endeavor to determine the angle of this diversion, if it occurs, is Muller's undertaking, which he carries through with lucidity and logic that is persuasive, if one grants his premise. He delights in Stevenson's wit, which he uses to lighten his pages most effectively, and he adds a somewhat sardonic humor of his own, which enhances the reader's pleasure and eases the weight of his formidable learning. But he exhibits certain attitudes, not to say inhibitions, that have the effect of making the work a bit cloudy.

One of these is a profound distrust of his own emotional and aesthetic response to Stevenson. This has led him to write a preface startlingly inconsistent with the main body of the work. Not since Henry Adams wrote about Jefferson has there been a more masterly demonstration of the icily admiring, the exactly just but obviously extorted tribute. The following pages, however, were clearly written by a man hag-ridden by fear of making a fool of himself by claiming too much for his subject.

For one thing, he expresses grave doubt that Stevenson would have made a good President. Perhaps he would not, but what of it? Jefferson was not nearly as successful a President as Polk, but to compare the historical importance of Polk to that of Jefferson would be fantastic. Again, he fails to appreciate the impossibility of Kennedy's making Stevenson Secretary of State, an office for which he was superbly qualified. The refusal was political, of course, but it was based on the profound truth that you can't have two suns in the same firmament. The Lincoln-Seward case is no analogy, for Seward was no such star as Stevenson.

But a sharper disappointment is Muller's refusal even to attempt a logical relation of Stevenson's philosophy to a developing situation that has greatly accelerated in the short time since his death. This is the possibility that the sheer mass of the government is imposing upon the political institutions that support it a weight that they were not designed to bear and cannot much longer bear without being strengthened by fairly radical modifications. The Presidency is the conspicuous case, but the judiciary sometimes seems to be buckling under the strain of administering justice under the same law to half a dozen civilizations. There is documentary evidence that Stevenson had this very much on his mind in his last years and some indication that he was preparing to turn his attention to it exclusively when death intervened. Muller's trilogy on Freedom is proof that he is well qualified for this investigation, and one must regret that he did not undertake it.

However, this is certainly slight, if not indeed unjust criticism of a book that is both charming and illuminating.

Memories of Anguilla, 1960

by John Updike

The boy who came at night
to light the Tilly lamps
(they hissed, too bright;
he always looked frightened)
in the morning dragged his bait pail
through the beryl seawater
sauntering barelegged
without once looking down.

The night Rebecca's –
she lived beneath us –
sailor lover returned from sea
and beat her for hours,
it was as hard to sleep as the time
she tied a rooster
inside an oil drum.

The polish of the night.
The animalcula phosphorescent
in the wavelets, the constellations
that evaded our naming, the way
the policeman's bicycle lamp
hurled huge shadows along the road.

The sad potatoes a muttering man
hoed from the ashen earth:
the difficulty of agriculture.
The absence of men:
they went to Curaçao for work.
The woman across the road,
pregnant by an annual visit,
cursed insanely, tossing rocks
at her weeping children.
The radio on her windowsill
played hymns all day from Antigua.

And the black children in blue
trotted down the white-dust road
to learn cricket and Victorian history,
and the women
balancing water drawn
from the faucet by our porch
held their heads at an insolent angle.

The blind man. The drunk.
The albino Negro,
his monstrosity never mentioned,
his lips blistered by the sun.
The beaches empty of any hotel.
Dear island of such poor beauty,
meekly waiting to rebel.

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Telling it like it is

Protest and Prejudice

A STUDY OF BELIEF IN THE BLACK COMMUNITY

by GARY T. MARX

BAYARD RUSTIN writes in the Foreword: "This study of Negro thought and attitudes — as well as the aspirations of our movement — tells it like it is, which is not the way many friends and enemies of the Negro struggle think it is . . . As this study probes the deeper motives and aspirations in the Negro community, many myths fall by the wayside."

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150th ANNIVERSARY

Harper & Row

Miracle of Romanticism

by Stephen Spender

Michael Hamburger has spent nearly twenty-five years – ever since he was eighteen – translating Hoelderlin, and has published two volumes of translations, many of them of the same poems, before the present one. The new and final translations are as different from the early ones as poems completely recast. And, as does not always happen when a poet rewrites his early work,

Friedrich Hoelderlin: Poems and Fragments
A Bilingual edition
edited and translated
by Michael Hamburger
(Michigan; $10)

they are a great improvement on the early versions. In fact this volume must be regarded as one of the definite achievements of our age, in which translations must count as an important branch of poetry. For readers who know German but who are not bilingual, Mr. Hamburger makes reading a difficult poet much easier. For those who know little or no German, he will have presented them with a considerable experience of the flavor of one of the greatest German poets, carried over into very distinguished English verse.

I should add that when Mr. Hamburger translates he really does render the original into English and not write poems of his own stimulated by vague impressions of the German. To be palmed off with a poem in my own language which merely provides evidence – however brilliant it may be in English – of the poet's inability or refusal to render the original, I find frustrating.

Hoelderlin counts for most readers as one of the great loony poets, like Blake, but more so, because he did go very mad. Mr. Hamburger is fascinated by the madness, eloquent about it in his introduction, rather terse about everything else.

Hoelderlin is the supreme example of the poet hopelessly and marvelously in love with Greece, and no poetry since his has ever expressed more poignantly the passionate loss of an idealized life, landscape and art identified with grace. This is his almost hallucinatory power, and it is also his disease. The course of a Hoelderlin poem is fairly predictable. It begins with a situation, which may be a modern scene, a feeling of love or friendship for someone who supposedly shares Hoelderlin's own yearning. The poem moves beyond this into a vision of life when the gods moved among men. The vision becomes more and more idealized, pellucid, rarefied, until it evaporates into hopeless loss. In the course of the journey some titanic effort may have been made (here Hoelderlin reminds one of the Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony and the late Quartets) to reconcile pagan antiquity and the modern Christianized world. The lover or friend addressed becomes a companion wandering through Hellas, and – most terrifying achievement – Christ is set among the gods of antiquity. The greatest triumph of this kind (before the strain produces the collapse of Hoelderlin's classical style into the broken-up one which foreshadows the 20th century) is the marvelous poem, "Bread and Wine." This begins with evening descending on a country town in summer, with a sense of fulfillment and assuagement, bringing rest:

> Round us the town is at rest; the street, in pale lamplight, grows quiet
> And, their torches ablaze, coaches rush through and away.

The scene on earth at rest turns to the scene in the sky:

> Look, and in secret our globe's shadowy image, the moon,
> Slowly is rising too; and Night, the fantastical, comes now
> Full of stars and, I think, little concerned about us,
> Night, the astonishing, there, the stranger to all that is human,
> Over the mountain-tops mournful and gleaming draws on.

The night is sacred "to the mad and the dead." This Nietzschean thought (and Nietzsche was, I believe, influenced by Hoelderlin) leads as in *The*

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Birth of Tragedy to a view of the Greeks, of the mad poets:

Well, then, may jubilant madness
laugh at those who deride it,
When in hallowed Night poets
are seized by its power;
Off to the Isthmus, then! To land
where wide open the sea roars
Near Parnassus and snow glis-
tens on Delphian rocks.

There follows a dazzling vision of the Greek world, and then the bitter reflection:

But, my friend, we have come too
late. Though the gods are living,
Over our heads they live, up
in a different world.

The poet "below," *i.e.* in the modern world, is friendless and reflects bitterly:

Better to sleep than to be friendless
as we are, alone,
Always waiting, and what to do or
say in the meantime?
I don't know, and who wants poets
at all in lean years?

Then there is a sudden vision of the last god who brought gifts:

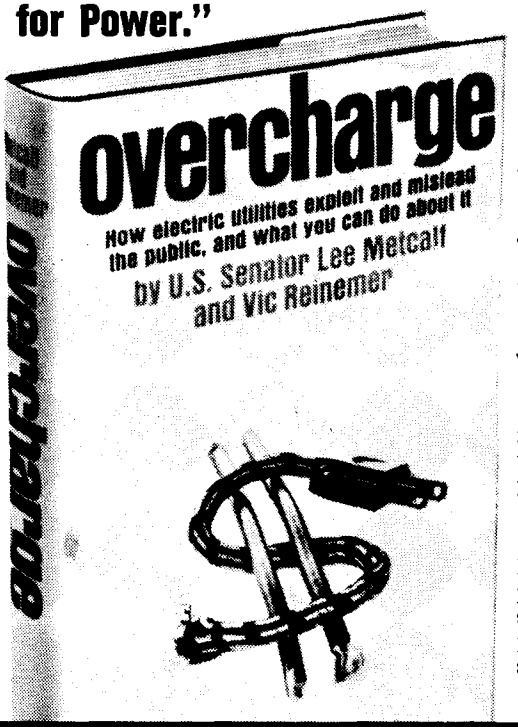
Bread is a fruit of Earth, yet touched
by the blessing of sunlight,
From the thundering god issues the
gladness of wine.
Therefore in tasting them we think
of the Heavenly who once were
Here and shall come again, come
when their advent is due.

The poem ends as a hymn of praise. It is certainly one of the most beautiful and sustained poems ever written. Its flaw – if one can call it that – is that despite the note of praise, it strikes a note not so much of tragedy as of discouragement. For its virtue lies in the fact that it expresses what the poet really believes: which is, that the modern world is simply the loss of the classical world. And the sense of loss though transformed into a wonderful vision of the past, cannot dynamically relate the present to that past. Triumph with Hoelderlin is the triumph of the dead over the living. And he has not invented any of the devices of irony which enable later poets to develop the attitude of an Eliot or a Pound which makes the realization of the loss itself a peculiar modern virtue. There is no sense in Hoelderlin that his poetry is the miraculous birth of the contemplated past within the present, and that it therefore redeems the present. In other words, Hoelderlin walks completely naked in a world beyond redemption, except through the poet being "struck by Apollo," which means sunstruck madness.

Michael Hamburger mentions, in his rather perfunctory way, that Hoelderlin received no recognition from Goethe (they had one frosty meeting) and was dropped by Schiller. We, knowing that Hoelderlin's greatest poems reach heights unattained by any other German poet, gladly applaud time's snub to his contemporaries for not recognizing Hoelderlin's greater genius. I am not sure whether we are justified. Posterity gains cheap triumphs over the dead, who when they were alive were concerned – as all contemporaries must be – with carrying on the tasks and their art, not accepting defeat or madness. Life, survival, demands that art be rooted in denser earth than blinding Promethean light snatched from the past. Perhaps Goethe and Schiller, seeing Hoelderlin, turned away because if they had allowed themselves to see his genius, they would also have seen that complete clarity about the position of modern art in the light of the whole history of the spirit of our culture from Biblical times and those of classical antiquity to our own, can only lead to madness and the end.

Michael Hamburger alludes to Hoelderlin's childhood, his loss of his father when he was nine, his relations to his mother, his loves, his friendships, the division between his early dedication to Protestantism and his vocation as a poet, his idealizing love of Greece – in his discreet and intelligent introduction. Hoelderlin's poetry is one of the great miracles of romanticism, and we should be profoundly grateful to Mr. Hamburger for doing so much to make it accessible to us in English.

Here's the book you read about in the October 21 T.R.B. from Washington, "Paying for Power."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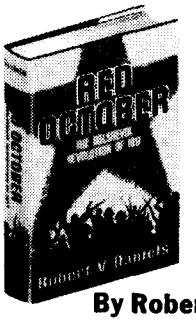

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SCRIBNERS

No Time to Get Sick

by Edward T. Chase

It is a bad time to get sick in America. Your chances of decent medical care are so so. And the prices are formidable. If your illness is serious you can be bankrupted, especially when, like most of us, you're neither poor nor rich. By the standards of other countries you can also die rather sooner than is necessary. For as Dr. Rutstein demonstrates, the paradox of American medicine is that for the past two decades the United States has faltered in health progress at the same time that it has outspent all other nations for health. It has fallen well behind other advanced nations while enormously expanding its medical research. Twenty years ago federal expenditures were under $1 million; in 1965 the National Institutes of Health granted $1 billion. Americans spend absolutely and relatively more on health than any other nation, 6 percent of the Gross National Product.

The Coming Revolution in Medicine
by David D. Rutstein, MD
(MIT; $4.95)
Medicare and the Hospitals: Issues and Prospects
by Herman M. and Anne R. Somers
(Brookings; Cloth, $6.75 – Paper, $2.50)

But has the US, noted for its wonder drug breakthroughs and its mastery of acute diseases like polio and measles, really faltered in health? Organized medicine disputes this. In an editorial in *The AMA News*, May 8, 1967, the American Medical Association attacked me for so indicating in two magazine articles, alleging my use of "discredited" statistics. Alas, my statistics, while accurate, were less condemnatory than Dr. Rutstein's *because mine were less up-to-date: matters have worsened.* Dr. Rutstein, who is Ridley Watts Professor of Preventive Medicine and Head of the Department of Preventive Medicine, Harvard Medical School, reports on key indices of national health. The two most valid are life expectancy and infant mortality. Rutstein shows that in the interval between 1959 and 1966 "the life expectancy of males in the United States dropped from thirteenth to twenty-second place and female life expectancy from seventh to tenth place among the countries of the world." Infant mortality is "the most sensitive index," "an expression of what a society under the guidance of its physicians will do for its mothers and babies" and an "indicator of the effectiveness of medicine in the social structure and of the guidance provided to the public by the medical profession." In this index, the USA ranked eleventh in 1959, ranks eighteenth now.

Sensitive to organized medicine's tendency to discredit such evidence, Rutstein remarks:

> "I should like to make the firm statement at this time that the differences in infant mortality rates between Sweden, other Western countries and the United States are real ones. Sweden and the United States use the same World Health Organization criteria for the definition of a live birth. I have myself examined the use of this definition in Sweden and I believe that the Swedes can count dead babies as accurately as we can."

He goes on to say, "Our poor showing in infant mortality is not due entirely to our high non-white infant mortality rates. . . . Thus, 49 states of our Union had a higher white infant mortality rate than the highest provincial rate in Sweden." He then states, "We had always hoped that with the advances of modern medicine and the bubbling affluence of our democratic society the higher death rate among non-white infants would come down to the lower level of the white population. But exactly the opposite has been the case. The non-white rate is now twice as high as the white rate. This discrepancy in infant death rates between the races is increasing year by year." One is here reminded of a broader paradox in American life than medical care, that as our wealth grows, so too do our welfare rolls and the gap in well-being between Negroes and whites. But again, in health specifically the white American generally is disadvantaged. Con-

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sider that among males 45, the United States death rate is *double* the comparable death rate in Sweden.

Dr. Rutstein details how Swedish medical practice accounts for the vast difference between our infant mortality rates, then lists a half-dozen basic reasons for the deficiency of the American system as it has rigidified in the past half century:

"The physician has been practicing in relative isolation in his home or in a professional building. The hospital has been going its self-centered way, adding beds or facilities at the behest of its staff or at the urging of a trustee. Local health departments, by imposed tradition, have been kept out of the hospital and have been safely isolated in city hall from becoming involved with medical care. Too many people have been receiving their care in inadequate clinics through the charity of the individual physician or from a welfare doctor. The large teaching hospital affiliated with the medical school has been giving high-quality in-patient care for diseases of interest to its staff while showing little or no concern for the continuity of medical care for the patient before his admission and after his discharge from the hospital. The medical school has been going ahead blindly with its fixed curriculum that is guaranteed to provide the basic education for whatever career the future physician may decide to follow."

Dr. Rutstein's solutions are sober, sensible and theoretical. What he does not confront is the Herculean practical issue of how to effect the political revolution required to implement his remedies. The essentials now he asserts are: (1) develop all medical facilities and personnel into regional medical service areas centered upon large teaching hospitals affiliated with medical schools, such hospitals to function as "centers for community health"; (2) develop a more effective use of medical manpower, including group practice and a revolutionary expansion in use of ancillary health care specialists, such as nurse-midwifery systems; (3) perfect ways in which the doctor's time may be more effectively applied; (4) radically revise medical education to adjust to future needs; and (5) make the fullest use of the computer and new technology. He pictures the exciting day when laboratory tests are so automated that the physician, as he is about to "work up" his patient in the morning, has a print-out from the computer revealing in capital letters in red ink all abnormal results from a battery of screening tests made on the patient immediately upon his hospital admission, so that diagnosis is a *directed* instead of *random* process.

Medicare and the Hospitals: Issues and Prospects by the Somerses is a wise, sophisticated, up-to-the-minute review of Medicare, how it's administered, the problems facing hospitals and the probable issues ahead. The Somerses – the best of the nation's lay medical economists – see the future much as Dr. Rutstein does. They, too, stress the hospital as a community health center, the heart of an integrated regional

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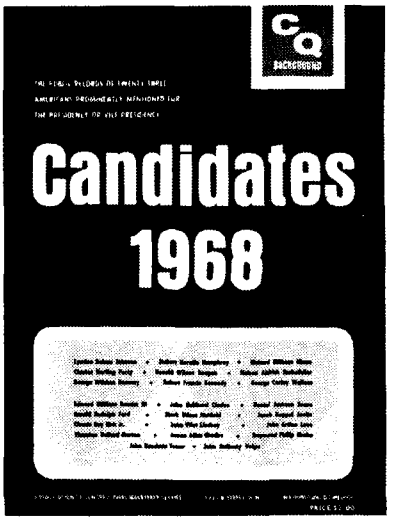

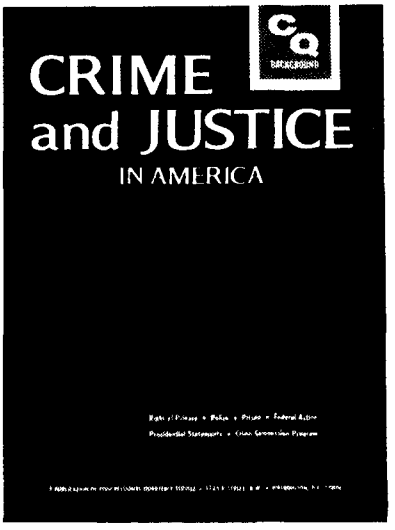

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complex of health care institutions with a medical school at the core. The big fight to come in Medicare will be over the doctor's present freedom to charge his Medicare patient whatever fee he likes, whereas the patient has no assurance that he will be reimbursed more than a fraction of the charge. The Somerses suggest that the public will in time reject such a "guarantee to any group or profession payment at any level the group may unilaterally elect." The consequent demand for fixed fee schedules will create warfare with the AMA. But in the end the inanities and abuses of the fee-for-service system will be overcome. Finally, without any endorsement from them, the Somerses quietly note that a Harris survey reveals that 51 percent of the population favor Medicare for *all* members of the family. But of course.

Frenchman from Savannah

by Francis Biddle

This year has been rich in autobiographies – Vladimir Nabokov's brilliant and bewildering *Speak Memory*, the second volume of Harold Nicolson's diaries, sprinkled with occasional letters to and from his wife and two sons, both at the front during World War Two; Leonard Woolf's fourth volume of his autobiography, in which he achieves a sympathetic yet objective

To Leave Before Dawn
by Julian Green
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $4.95)

presentation of his wife's creative, and often desperate moods as she wrote her novels; Bertrand Russell's strange account of his adolescence and the ripening of his genius into confused thinking; and now this admirable English translation by his sister Anne of the third volume of Julian Green's autobiography.

His adolescence was not unlike that of most boys – falling in love with a schoolmate; the attempts of a group of youngsters to seduce Julian into the mysteries of boyish sexual experience; his division of the world of sex into the innocent and the guilty – those who had tasted the apple, and fallen from grace. He was pure, and did his best to resist the clutches of the impure, who were eager to drag him into their practices and take him off his pedestal.

As I read these confessions I was reminded of the days when I was a schoolboy at Groton, and the Rector liked to quote from the pulpit Tennyson's description of *Galahad:* "His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure." The Rector never said what he meant when he talked about impurity, but we knew well enough what he was referring to, and made vows to be pure – and broke them, and suffered, suffered miserably because if you were impure you would never make the football team.

But if Julian's adolescence followed a not unusual pattern his telling of it is rare, unlike the usual "confession" that is heavy with the commonplace of sensual experience and reported without grace or understanding. From the beginning he writes with absolute frankness, remembering how it felt to be a child, a memory which must now be a part of him, constantly, lingering on into manhood. The book is written simply, out of his remarkable memory and imagination. Intellectually he must always have been brilliant; emotionally he was immature.

His mother came from Savannah, from "over there," as she called her dream of the Confederacy, where one had roses in the heart of winter. When she talked about the South, that faraway land, he walked with her down avenues lined with gigantic magnolias, where everything smelled good, and the air was pleasantly warm at Christmas. She was always cold in the gray Paris winters. He could see her stretching her hands over the fire, and looking up mischievously to say, "believe me children it's freezing in hell. . . ." Not that she did not like Paris. The French way of looking at things, of living in the warm happiness of a closely united family, French values, French humor became a part of her. One evening leaving the Café de la Paix, where she and her husband had been dining, she

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slipped a gold piece to an obvious prostitute whom they passed on the boulevard. A moment later his father said gently: "Why did you do that?" "She wasn't as pretty as the others and nobody noticed her: she had no customers. . . ." His mother and father read *Le Rire* aloud together before the children, who were forbidden to look at it. "In all this lay a sort of innocence." But one day *Le Rire* went too far and was suppressed. The following number had a drawing of Adam and Eve, both of them naked, except that Adam had a large handkerchief around his waist. "Adam," said Eve, "lend me your handkerchief." "I can't," replied Adam, "*Le Rire* would be suppressed." Mrs. Green loved it – "The French are so funny!"

Julian adored her, perhaps too much, he thought. He could recall her delicate profile as she sat reading "in the hollow of a vast armchair" a novel by Hardy or Maupassant, and she would fall asleep, looking very earnest. She had a marked fondness for Maupassant. She saw his improprieties in her own way, and they made her smile, or, more precisely, made her burst into peals of laughter.

She bathed her son until he was twelve, using a heavy cake of yellow soap over his shoulders and down his back. She got up and, moving away, looked at him disapprovingly. "The neck, and the ears and behind the ears . . . and now the *body*," as if referring to something shameful, for nakedness aroused her suspicion.

His mother did not spoil Julian, but she kept him by her more often than the other children. She talked gently to him, and he did not quite understand what she said. Yet, her voice fashioned his mind, "much as hands would fashion clay in the dark." Once while he was lying in his bath, she suddenly glanced down at a very "precious spot" of his person, and as if she were talking to herself, murmured, "oh how ugly that is!," turning her head away with a kind of shiver. When he was dressed she hugged him. On another occasion when she was bathing him, she suddenly cried out: "Those red spots! What can they be . . . leprosy!" Crying, she threw her arms around his wet body. "I won't leave you," she said through her tears, "I'll go with you to Molokai [the leper island]." Dr. Bregi, with a white beard and venerable air, asked Julian what he had eaten the day before. "Mussels." "This evening, Madame, you must make him drink one or two cups of camomile tea – and in the future no more mussels."

Mrs. Green regretted that she had not been born a Catholic, and went to see the nuns on the rue Cortambert, but was never converted. When he was thirteen his mother gave up her boy's religious education, though he continued reading the Bible daily. The Bible was put in his hands and a child had to shift for himself. The Bible was a person, and books were only books. But Julian did not always understand the Bible. What did it mean by saying that such or such a patriarch "knew his wife?" He imagined greetings and low bows. "Ask your father." But his father only looked embarrassed and suggested that his mother would explain. His mother answered evasively – "Oh, you'll understand these things later. . . . Anyway, you don't need to know about it." He continued to believe that his sisters had been bought from the Galérie Lafayette, whereas he came from the Grande Maison de Blanc. "A bargain!" his mother cried, and hugged him. He knew he was more ignorant than his schoolmates when one of them asked, "Do you want me to tell you the secret of your birth? . . . You were born inside your mother and then taken out." Disgusting! He pretended not to hear.

Sex was chiefly unfolded to Julian through his schoolmates, who told him that he was so "austere" that he did not know what "pleasure" could be. When it was over, "that's what men do," they said, "now you're a man." It did not occur to him that he had sinned, and he did not have any idea of repeating it, for weeks. He had never talked about it to a priest, who in a few minutes would have shown him the danger which he ran, and he lived surrounded by Christians who remained silent. Would his life have been different if he had been warned, he asks. He is inclined to think so.

But his schoolmates were not the only influences that led Julian into the adventures of sex. One autumn evening in 1913 when he was waiting on the platform of the Avenue Henri-Martin

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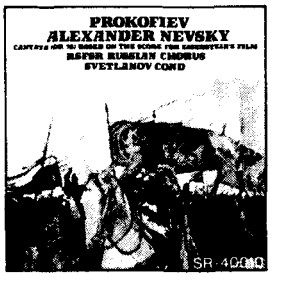

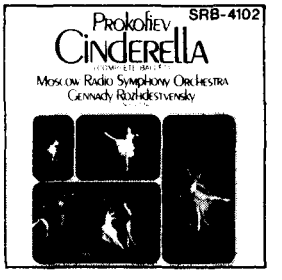

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FIRST I TURN TO STEPHANIE HARRINGTON SALLY KEMPTON AND LETICIA KENT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S NEW WITH POT, PORNOGRAPHY AND THE WOMENS HOUSE OF DETENTION THEN I TURN TO JOE FLAHERTY FOR THE LATEST IN SPORTS. AFTER THAT I SWITCH TO THE CULTURAL SECTION TO GET ANDREW SARRIS' VIEWS ON WHY PREMINGER IS MORE TALENTED THAN FELLINI, AND TO READ JONAS MEKAS EXPLAIN WHY THIS WEEKS UNDERGROUND MOVIE THAT EVERYBODY WALKED OUT ON WAS REALLY A TEST TO SEE IF WE DARED FACE THE TRUTH. NEXT I CHECK THE THEATRE PAGE TO SEE IF MICHAEL SMITH IS FEELING ALL RIGHT. THEN I READ NAT HENTOFF TO SEE WHO SOLD OUT, FOLLOWED BY JACK NEWFIELDS LATEST EXPLANATION OF THE NEW LEFT, FOLLOWED BY IRVING HOWE'S CORRECTION OF NEWFIELD. THEN I READ THE MAIL WHICH CORRECTS HARRINGTON, KEMPTON, FLAHERTY, KENT SARRIS MEKAS, SMITH, HENTOFF, NEWFIELD, AND HOWE. THEN I CHECK FEIFFER TO SEE IF HE'S LEARNED HOW TO DRAW YET I USUALLY FINISH WITH THE EDITORIAL ON DE SAPIO. THEN I WRITE MY LETTER ACCUSING THEM OF GOING ESTABLISHMENT.

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station for his train to Saint-Lazare, a little shabby man of about forty in a raincoat asked him if he spoke English; and all at once with a kind of sudden violence showed Julian three or four photographs of naked men and women, holding them fanwise, as one holds playing cards. Julian turned away. At the Saint-Lazare station the man vanished into the crowd. It was not until 1921, when he was reading Havelock Ellis, that Julian understood. He felt sorry for the man in the raincoat.

When he was fourteen or fifteen, in his mother's room, she told him, "in her distant voice, her suffering voice," to close the door. He was a little frightened. She asked him if Bertha, one of their maids, talked to him alone sometimes, or gave him little presents. His mother's words reached him from a distance, though there was only the length of the bed between them. She announced that she was going to tell him something about her brother, Uncle Willie, who had died long before Julian was born. She had loved her brother too much ever to speak about him. "He was handsomer than you." A woman, a servant, had fallen in love with him. On account of her he became ill, and died. "I want you to promise never to talk to any of the servants alone." He promised. He did not think it possible that his uncle had been handsomer than he, and after their talk, went to look in the mirror. He loved himself, but purely. He never looked at himself naked, he believed that he was never to be seen without clothes. Julian lived deep in his mother. He loved God since she loved Him. His mother had passed on to her son her horror of impurity. Had not God cursed the sensuality of her adored brother?

Years after his mother died Julian heard that his uncle had caught syphilis from the girl; that he had been sent from Savannah to Le Havre, where Julian's parents were living. Apparently Uncle Willie had never been told the nature of his disease. When his mother went to meet him at the boat Willie had become an idiot.

Julian's father was a head taller than anyone else, and he wore a brigand's mustache. His presence gave everyone a feeling of security. "Standing in the middle of the drawing room, it seemed as though he had only to smile to ward off ruin, rain, revolutions, death, every-

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thing that will always threaten us."

When war broke out in 1914, his sister Anne burst into tears. His mother in her excitement said that she heard that England had declared war against France. His father said that the French would stop the Germans, and that settled the matter in Julian's mind. Julian went to his room, threw himself on his German grammar and tore it to pieces.

His father disapproved of Julian's sensitivity. Two or three times a year a storm would burst out at a meal – over the Dreyfus affair, or because of a difference of opinion about the Civil War. His mother, who came of a family of lawyers, liked passionate arguments. At a point his father would get up suddenly, and, flinging his napkin in the dishes, would leave the room. Then his mother ran after her husband and soothed him as you would soothe a bear: "Please, Edward, please. . . ." His father would stamp a foot, but he would always come back, and everyone was happy once more. They were a gay affectionate family.

Most of us have forgotten our childhood, so far removed from the external world which has engulfed us and banished that strange and charming realm of the imagination, touching and simulating the "real" world. But not Julian Green, who still remembers his boyhood, and describes it in the shadows and symbols with which children are familiar. He remembers "the secret language" that books cannot teach you and which children know well.

With his cheek on his mother's gray shawl, in the firelight he saw the whole family's stockings and socks drying on a towel rack, and listened to "sentences that unfurled above [his] head like scrolls." When he had to go up with his brass candlestick to his parent's room, where he also slept, he became "plunged in the abominable element known to children as the dark," until the first rays from his mother's lamp appeared, and instantly he "sank like a stone into exorcised night."

He was sorry for Sidonie, who had once been their maid, and now led a monotonous difficult life in the garret of one of the blackest houses on the rue des Archives. She was small, spare, bent, with frizzled gray hair, a quiet apologetic voice, and on her sharp, inquisitive nose a pince-nez which she sometimes used to scratch her cheek. She had seen Paris in flames during the Commune.

Julian loved to draw, and his mother decided to give him a teacher, and chose Monsieur Tisserand because he was poor, and she wanted to help him. He was a gray-bearded dwarf, who held himself very straight, and trod warily, his hand resting on the silver knob of a mahogany cane. His dignified manners made Julian's sister explode with laughter. He would give a finishing touch to a scrawl of Julian's, "the indefinable something that made the thing correct and commonplace."

The first year of the war had been severe and there was just enough coal to keep up a small fire in the dining room, more ornamental than useful. They all shivered in their overcoats. One day Anne walked in with a big parcel under her arm – "I've found some coal," she said, and the parcel was at once emptied into the grate. But there was no fire. Anne had been sold stones coated with coal dust. "My poor children," said his father.

The spring that followed threw everyone into a kind of subdued effervescence. Julian was still at the Lycée Roger, a more experienced schoolboy friend, advised him to go to a brothel, gave him an address near the Bourse, and said it would cost him twenty francs, "but you won't regret it, no one is a man unless he has gone to a brothel. Of course if you wanted to sleep with Mademoiselle C [a celebrated singer] it will be more expensive." Julian began saving, *sou* by *sou*. When he finally had the 20 francs he walked to the Boulevard des Italiens, a street famous for bawdy houses, his head on fire and a lump in his throat. He was scared. . . . Passing by an expensive-looking store he saw a pair of really beautiful gloves. But could he dare enter a shop glittering with lights? If he dared not go into the shop, how would he dare to go into the brothel. He could not afford both. He bought the gloves, and went home. He showed the gloves to Roger, who was not impressed.

In the sort of dream in which he lived Julian went to the Sorbonne to take his first baccalauréat, in July 1917. He

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knew nothing about physics, chemistry or mathematics, but passed "with distinction" in French and English. He felt sure of passing, and since he remained faithful to God, he had the idea that he was "entitled to full, total protection on the temporal plain."

He had decided to enlist in the Ambulance Corps (he was not quite the approved age, which was 17); and his father, the day after his baccalauréat, took him to the rue Raynourd, where, at the bottom of the garden of a charming Directoire house, 20 ambulances, painted iron gray and adorned by a red cross, were waiting, the last of them his. One of the young Americans asked him to have a drink at a neighboring café. Neither one of them talked. Julian read distress and a sort of appeal in the other's face, across the table. The American got up, paid the bill. On the quay he cried, "So long!" and disappeared. They did not meet again. Julian thought he had learned to drive a car. He hit the stone post on the right of a great iron gate. He was ordered down, and the damage repaired. Julian got back, this time accompanied by a young soldier in horizon blue.

The Americans thought of nothing but laughter. "They were big, handsome children, a little given to scoffing, but always ready to help one another." The first day they stopped at Vitry-le-François for the night; and the day after reached Triacourt, a charming little town, spared by the war. "Tomorrow we're leaving for the front," said a companion. There the book ends.

A Philosopher and His Germany

by Terence Prittie

Karl Jaspers is a brilliant philosopher, a sentient and highly enlightened human being. His book, *The Future of Germany*, is being published in an English-language edition the same year as his *Philosophical Faith and Revelation*. The latter, with its broad philo-religious horizons, is a tremendous tribute to Jaspers' depth and to his understanding and compassion for the human race. Its object, as he writes, is nothing less than "a thinking which prepares the philosophical ground on which philosophy may be realized by individual self-realization, by man's taking courage to love, finding his community, fulfilling the mundane destiny he never knows, although it guides him; by his sensing his place in the sea of Being and experiencing his own unique historicity."

The Future of Germany
by Karl Jaspers
(Chicago; $5.95)

How fortunate, one thinks when reading it, that a man of such exceptional intellect should for a moment leave his own field of thought and devote himself to the more everyday problems of his country and people! It is Jaspers' own thesis that the "thinkers" must step in where the politicians have failed, and that they can offer hope of a final solution of the "German Question," where the politicians are bogged down in a mire of theories and combinations colored by prejudice and taboo.

But alas, it would be difficult to imagine a piece of writing more uneven in its thought and argument than *The Future of Germany*. It is full of trenchant criticisms of the Federal Republic of West Germany, full of good ideas and interesting proposals – interspersed by frequently nonsensical political judgments. Jaspers knows nothing about politics.

In a foreword, Hannah Arendt writes that Jaspers' main thesis is that West Germany is "well on its way to abolishing parliamentary democracy, and may be drifting towards some kind of dictatorship which, under certain conditions . . . could become a threat to peace in Europe." Can this be true? Jaspers *could* be right, though he lives in Switzerland and has never played any part whatever in the practical functioning of West German parliamentary democracy. If he *were* right, it would be a terrible indictment of the democratic state which the Western Allies created after 1945, and which has on

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the whole been decently ruled for the last 18 years by the Germans themselves.

Jaspers' main thesis is wrong, completely wrong, and one must say this with the certainty born of long experience of the workings of West German parliamentary democracy. Of course, it has failed to deal with some of its problems, one problem in particular – settlement of the "German Question." But nobody else has been able to deal with this either. The "German Question" can only be settled by the Soviet Union and the United States – although it is the Germans who must produce the ideas and carry out the practical groundwork which will make a settlement eventually possible.

Jaspers strives to get to the roots of the "German Question." One such root is the true nature of West German parliamentary democracy, and Jaspers in his very first page pounces on what looks like an endemic flaw – "All Germans participants in their state? No, most of them are still subjects of the state rather than participants in it. Every four years they choose between lists placed before them, but they do not really know what they are choosing. They have to bow – first to the party proposals, then to authorities that claim to exercise powers conferred by the electorate."

True? Certainly, but equally true of other countries with an electoral system of proportional representation. The parties rather than the people produce the lists of candidates. The parties, again, give each candidate his "place" in the list. Only a proportion of members of the Federal Parliament are returned there by direct election; the remainder come from the "reserve lists" and their chance of becoming members is determined by the total number of votes won by their party. It might be preferable for local party organizations to choose their candidates, as in Britain for instance, rather than the central party body. But the central party body would, in any case, still have to decide on a ranking order for the reserve list.

It is true, too, that the great majority of West Germans do not participate very actively in the parliamentary running of their country. But at least they participate a great deal more than they were allowed to in the past. They write letters to the papers, expressing their

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political views. They crowd the public gallery of the Bundestag. They listen to the radio and watch TV – one of the most popular programs of all is a "roundtable" of journalists discussing current political problems for a full hour every Sunday morning. West German parliamentary democracy cannot be blamed for being young. Nor can it be blamed, as Jaspers blames it, because it was designed by victor nations. Far too sweeping is his summing up, that the Germans are ruled by "party oligarchy," which "means contempt for the people."

Jaspers sees the "Adenauer era" as a process of consolidation of party oligarchy. I see it as something different, as an era in which the Germans turned gratefully to a man of immense authority and political acumen, because they were so uncertain of themselves. Jaspers fails to note that when Adenauer eventually went, it was because of popular clamor against him which was entirely justified. He had lost touch. Similarly, Jaspers' expressions of horror over the "Spiegel Affair" are all very well, but he misses the point that, once again, it was popular feeling that forced Defense Minister Strauss to resign. Not a bad performance for a community which, Jaspers assures us, was on the road "from the oligarchy to a dictatorship."

This "dictatorship" is, in his view, personified in the present "Grand Coalition" of the two principal parties, and Jaspers has a particular animus against Chancellor Kiesinger, because he was once a Nazi Party member. But the "Grand Coalition" is not a dictatorship, and Jaspers fails to note the basic reasons for its invention – the doubts which arose when the "pilot," Adenauer, was dropped, and the failure to make progress toward reuniting Germany. Kiesinger might have refrained from running as a candidate for the chancellorship; as it happens, he has turned out to be an adequate head of government during an interval when Germans are at last starting to produce ideas on the "German Question," and when the economy is being carefully consolidated. I would only see danger in the "Grand Coalition" if it became semi-permanently entrenched.

Another bogey of Jaspers' is the Bundeswehr. He professes serious alarm over the possibility of armed "intervention" against the people. In reality, the Bundeswehr is a fair model of a citizen-army, lacking almost all of the old Germanic military arrogance, efficient, circumspect, even perhaps a little dull. At one point Jaspers cites General Guderian as a typical survival of militarism. Guderian retired in 1945. At another point Jaspers writes that all German generals, save those who actively opposed Hitler, were "cowards." This is a wild oversimplification. Again, he declaims against "emergency legislation." There has been virtually none in the history of the Federal Republic. He declaims, too, against the German demand for a peace treaty, adding "that a peace treaty which has not been signed for twenty years will never be signed. There is peace without it." One has only to think of the June Arab-Israeli war to realize what nonsense this is.

Yet this book concludes with a spate of good ideas – the West Germans should help their East German brethren economically, they should abandon the "Hallstein Doctrine," grant recognition of East Germany if the Berlin Wall is removed, go on relying on the alliance with the United States, stay nonnuclear, propagate peace. Above all, they should think more for themselves and discard political fancies and legalistic argument. They should be pragmatic as well as democratic, and they must convince the outside world they have really changed. Jaspers concludes with this analysis – "Every first look at a fellow-German will raise the same questions: Who are you really? What lies behind your façade? What may come out of you? What can I trust in?" And the danger, as he sees it, "is not nationalism but the lack of something to believe in."

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

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Primary Mathematics

by Joseph Featherstone

One element in the great changes taking place in British primary schools is the creative fusion of the developmental psychology of Piaget and others with classroom practice, particularly in mathematics. In many schools, math is the catalyst in the transformation from formal, traditional ways of teaching, to informal, individual learning. Some of the best work in math has come from projects sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation and the Schools Council, and now an American publisher has issued two of the pamphlets in the excellent Nuffield math series.

Nuffield Mathematics Project:
I Do and I Understand
(Wiley; $1.95)
Pictorial Representation
(Wiley; $2.25)

American teachers and parents are sure to notice a number of distinctive things about them. The first is how closely they stick to what can actually be accomplished in the classroom, specifying the materials needed, and providing abundant and handsomely colored reproductions of work that children have done. They are written, by and large, for teachers by other teachers; much space is given over to children's work. These two features in themselves are a dazzling contrast to American curriculum projects, which are often dominated by university people or curriculum experts whose product stands in the same relationship to an ordinary teacher and his children as a mirage to a desert. And although the Nuffield series is pretty much based on Piaget's work and follows a careful outline, you do not feel as you do with many American curriculum materials that the underlying concepts have taken on a weird, disembodied existence of their own, in a dimension totally removed from a classroom where real people speak and move. The principles underlying the pamphlets are straightforward and far from arcane or scholastic: they start with the idea that many of the children in primary school are at a stage of development where they learn best through the use of concrete materials. Children find mere words and abstract concepts difficult, if not impossible, to understand, and they need to establish a firm background of experience and vocabulary in order to work up to the level of abstract understanding necessary for even the simplest mathematical operations. (Many teachers would be more surprised than pleased to discover how little their children really comprehend of the workbook problems they seem to be solving so successfully.) A basic comprehension comes best through children's own activities in a classroom designed for permitting choices; and children learn best when they proceed at their own pace.

But while the principles are clear, the Nuffield pamphlets show an awareness that theorizing is endless, whereas pedagogy is very short, and having said their theoretical piece, they move quickly on to practice. They are general guides, with many specific suggestions, not curriculum materials in the ordinary sense. Teachers will find that they present workable alternatives to formal teaching and textbook rote, but they will not find every step of the way spelled out for them in the inane, comforting, lockstep manner of the standard teacher's guide. To some teachers, particularly experienced ones, this will be refreshing: they will not feel, as they often do with American materials, that some wretched man is trying to freeze all their classroom experiences into his little ice cube tray. On the other hand, inexperienced and unsure teachers will find the implications of these materials disturbing, for they call into question most of our standard methods of teaching math. In the absence of living testimony – real classrooms in which ordinary teachers are successfully teaching along these lines – many teachers are bound to think that the Nuffield materials are fantastic and irrelevant.

The pamphlets don't cover any particular span of time. Each develops a mathematical theme that can be pursued with children between the ages of, say, five and 13. Each theme can be taken up again and again as a child's

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understanding grows. Children will work largely on their own, or in very small groups – pairs, perhaps – and what they learn will not be Victorian arithmetic, the precise and mindless computations of harassed clerks, but modern mathematics: an understanding of what number relationships mean.

The first pamphlet, *I Do and I Understand*, is fairly abstract, being a kind of introduction to the whole Nuffield series. Its chief interest for Americans is that it touches on the question of changing over from a traditional class, where a teacher stands up front and talks at the children, to an informal one, where children work on their own and in small groups, with the teacher supervising their work. Unfortunately for both British and American teachers, the discussion of this crucial problem is much too brief. Perhaps the most useful things to read are the appendices, which contain two very helpful first-hand accounts by a principal and a math teacher explaining how, slowly and with the inevitable setbacks, they developed mathematics classes where most of the learning was generated by the children's own activities. Barring schools that we could all go visit, these sorts of accounts seem to me the most persuasive argument for informal classrooms, at the same time that they suggest how much care and time must go into establishing them.

Pictorial Representation gets down to specifics, taking up graphing and picturing as means of communicating knowledge. There is much emphasis on accompanying each graph a child works out with a short written account of what it shows; thus E. Humber, eight years old, finishes a graph illustrating the distribution of pets in a class with:

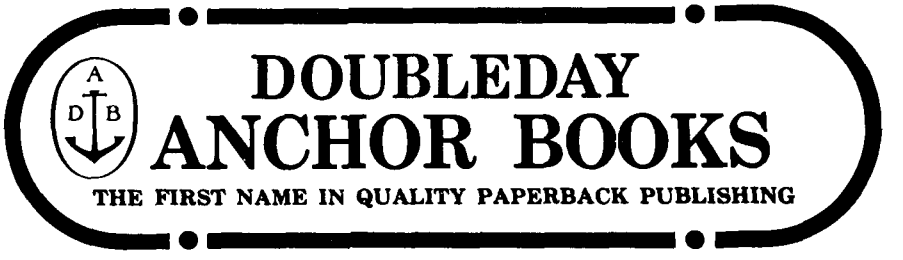
> A dog will guard the house when you go out and is well worth the 7/6 you must pay for a license, the tins of food you must buy for it, and the daily exercises you must give it.

Or Richard, seven years old, explains:

> The graph tells us that most people walk home from school. It tells you that 11 people come by bus. It tells you that 6 people come by car. It tells you that there are 33 people in the class. It tells you that 10 more people walk home than go by car. And 5 more people come by bus than by car. And it shows you that 5 more people walk home from school than go by bus.

There are simple graphs: the color of children's eyes, birthdays, number of boys and girls, absences. And more complicated graphs: traffic surveys, with bottles and other objects standing for cars and trucks and bicycles – and one graph showing the age and number of miners killed in a mine explosion.

As some of the elaborate picture-graphs in *Pictorial Representation* show, graphing is often most interesting when done by older children in connection with some other kind of activity. (It can, of course, lead to beginning work in algebra.) Like any other good thing, it can be overdone, and as fare for smaller children it has its limits, being abstract by its very nature. The smaller children need much profoundly concrete work with simple materials, water, clay, sand, beads, words – the kinds of things described in two companion pamphlets in the Nuffield series (both entitled *Begin-*



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nings) dealing with computation and structure, and basic problems of shape and size. Until the publishers make these available, too, *Pictorial Representation* will give math teachers a very incomplete idea of the possibilities open to them. The Nuffield series does follow a sequence of ideas and themes, although a teacher is free to use them any way that seems appropriate, and they ought to be published in entirety.

Still, the publishers deserve rich congratulations for beginning this great service to teachers and anyone else interested in new approaches to learning. Another service would be to publish an American edition of the Schools Council's book, *Mathematics in the Primary School*, which is in some ways even more suggestive and useful than the Nuffield materials. And, while I'm at it, I can think of another good deed: it would be interesting if an American publisher would make available some of the tests of mathematical understanding now being worked out in cooperation with Piaget and some of his colleagues in Geneva. Whether such tests prove to be helpful or not, many people in this country would welcome a chance to see the whole question of testing opened up. It is perfectly clear that conventional math tests, which measure a child's ability to manipulate numbers speedily and accurately, cannot provide an adequate picture of his mental development. And it is his development, not his conventional test score, that we will have to start worrying about once some of our schools begin treating children as individuals.

Document of the Thirties

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

The first volume of Matthew Josephson's memoirs – *Life Among the Surrealists* (1962) – dealt with literary and artistic life in the twenties. This second volume concentrates on the politics of the thirties. Drawing on his contemporaneous notes and journals, Mr. Josephson offers an amiable and discursive view of the New Deal era. If he has little penetrating or fresh to say, *Infidel in the Temple* has some value as a document of the time (indeed, part of the book was first written, the author tells us, during the Second World War).

Infidel in the Temple:
A Memoir of the Nineteen-Thirties
by Matthew Josephson
(Knopf; $8.95)

By the thirties Mr. Josephson was a successful magazine writer, established in a rural retreat in Connecticut, where he worked on his histories and from which he made occasional forays into the world outside. His point about the Great Depression was that it was "not depressing"; he even rebukes Alfred Kazin for writing of "the grim thirties." Could it be that the depression was a little grimmer for an impoverished young writer in New York than for a country squire in the Housatonic Valley? Mr. Josephson's own account of Erskine Caldwell arriving in New York on a snowy winter night with ten cents in his pocket, of Robert Cantwell feeding his family on twelve dollars a week, suggests that it was not a time of undiluted happiness for everybody.

In any case, Mr. Josephson recalls the thirties as an exhilarating time, as in many aspects it was. He sees his own role as an observer wandering freely on both sides of the barricade; indeed, this thought so delights him that he repeats it a little more often than perhaps he absolutely needs to:

> "I was able to rove freely 'between the lines' from one camp to the other, which I always found diverting."
>
> "I always found it amusing to rove between the different camps."
>
> "It seems to have been by destiny in those days to rove back and forth between the different camps."

In this capacity he met a wide variety of people, about whom he contrives to write very little new or interesting. Frankfurter is, as usual, "warm, good-

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Another Announcement to readers of The New Republic

Indiana University Press recently bought space here to praise Irving Howe's "excellent" and "perceptively" written article, which you read in The New Republic, on Henry James' *The American Scene*. It is, in our opinion, even better than they say. But though The New Republic had made it clear that Mr. Howe's article was excerpted from his "introduction to the Horizon Press edition of *The American Scene* to be published next month," Indiana University Press somehow avoided mention of that fact.

Instead they used their praise of the introduction Mr. Howe had written for Horizon Press to link it to an announcement of their own. The announcement stated that next year they would re-issue their own edition of *The American Scene*.

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humored, gregarious"; Hemingway "posed as undereducated or lowbrow, but I found on further acquaintance that he read widely"; Sidney Hillman "resembled at first glance the average American Jewish professional or businessman"; etc. They all say exactly what one would expect them to say, and the narrative is sadly lacking even in entertaining anecdote. An exception must be made, however, for a curious story about Wallace Stevens, very drunk, coming up to Hemingway at Key West, mumbling to him, "You think you're Ernest Hemingway?" and challenging him to fight. Hemingway told him to go away and sober up, but Stevens threw a punch and Hemingway eventually beat him up. However, Mr. Josephson got this story at second-hand.

Infidel in the Temple has disappointingly little about Josephson as historian. *The Robber Barons, The Politico* and *The President-Makers* were all written in these years; and, while they all have their defects, they remain nonetheless, especially the latter two, stimulating and original works. On the other hand, Mr. Josephson writes at great length though not very illuminatingly about the politics of the thirties. He was a strong advocate of the Popular Front; and, though he had some reservations about the Soviet Union and objected to the Stalin-Hitler Pact, he wrote after the Pact, "I am for carrying on with the Popular Front at home, and feel that factional quarrels among liberals, radicals and Marxians of various kinds would serve no useful purpose." In retrospect, he still evidently finds anti-communism a greater sin than communism.

The only rancor in a generally sweet-tempered book is reserved for people like Granville Hicks, Max Lerner and Richard Rovere, who turned against communism, while such party hacks as Alexander Trachtenberg (who "had only the air of an anxious mother hen guiding her chicks around") and John Howard Lawson (who "dreamed of changing and redeeming the art of the film") are portrayed with great benevolence. Obviously the McCarthy period deeply affected Mr. Josephson. He writes that "the country was literally held *in terrorem* by Senator Joseph McCarthy" – a sentence which leads the reader to urge the author to look up

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"literally" in the dictionary; and he even writes, with singular inaccuracy for an historian, that "it became unlawful to teach or advocate anything later than Adam Smith's or John Adams' ideas of political economy."

Yet, even though one feels that Mr. Josephson never really understood politics very well, his account has an interest as a faithful expression of a mood of dopiness which led very decent people, who were plainly not communists, to accept a lot of cruel nonsense a generation ago. For the rest, it is a pleasant and readable but not very important exercise in nostalgia. It should be noted, though, that Admiral Mahan's first name was not Edward, and that that admirable journal the *New England Quarterly* was not, as Mr. Josephson suggests, the organ of the New England Poetry Society.

Inside the Pale

by Philip Toynbee

Until I read this book Isaac Bashevis Singer was no more than a name to me – but an impressive name, needless to say. I had not thought of him as an American, or even as being still alive. He had seemed – vaguely – the absolute, non-national, non-temporal Jewish writer – the *supremely* Jewish writer. And after reading *The Manor* I see that I had got him more or less right.

The Manor
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $6.95)

True, the book is about Poland and is set very specifically in the twenty years which followed the Polish national uprising of 1863. But the Jewish Pale in eastern Europe during the 19th century has almost ceased to be a particular place and time. It has become the half-legendary Ultima Thule of modern Jewish intellectuals. Not exactly a vanished Garden of Eden, though there are strong elements of that, but an era of vanished greatness, of great faith, great passion, great conflict, great beauty and great, but *comprehensible*, suffering. For many Jews and probably for American Jews more than others the ghettos and Jewish villages of Poland are the equivalent of the 19th century Frontier for many gentile Americans; the Revolution and the Civil War for modern Russians; the British Empire for nostalgic Englishmen.

So that although Mr. Singer's book – it is the first volume of what promises to be a very long work – is a historical novel, it doesn't exactly read like one. The writer seems so thoroughly at home in his chosen place and time that he seldom has to go through those explanatory contortions which have bedevilled most historical novelists. " 'After you', he commanded Mirale, since it was considered unseemly for a marriageable young man to be seen in the company of a girl, even his own sister." Such necessary interpolations will certainly seem no burden to an ignorant modern reader. Mr. Singer is a very deft and tactful writer: he makes it wonderfully easy for us to enter this vanished world; and we soon get over our initial sense of being strangers in a remote and exotic place.

It would be impossible to give a useful précis of "the story" of this novel. It centers on Calman Jacoby, a pious Jewish merchant who has bought up the estate of a ruined Polish nobleman. Calman is the matrix of a complex but beautifully controlled narrative, which comes to resemble a multiple plait, or braid. These interconnected lives, mostly Jewish but a few gentile, cross and recross, each being taken up in turn to lead us a little further on, before being dropped for a time in favor of another life and another set of minor characters. If there is a general theme in *The Manor* it must be the not unfamiliar one of an ancient tradition crumbling, an older conservative generation confronted by young people who have begun to question the values of their elders. A subsidiary theme is the relationship between Jews and gentiles, in that place, at that time.

I see from the blurb that our excellent English poet Ted Hughes has written of Isaac Bashevis Singer that he "has to be considered among the really great living writers. . . . Whatever region his writing inhabits, it is blazing with life and actuality." One might agree with either part of this judgment, or with neither. For my part I am quite sure that I don't agree with the second part; and as for the first, and more startling judgment, this must depend, it seems to me, on the answer we give to one of the great unresolved questions of modern criticism.

I don't agree, to begin with, that this particular book is *blazing* with anything at all. All its merits are cool ones. Mr. Singer makes little attempt to get inside his characters, which means that we know them better by their actions than by their thoughts or emotions. There are dramatic events in *The Manor*, and there is at least one character – the wild and dissolute Count Lucian – whose actions are reminiscent of Mitya Karamazov. Yet Lucian does not *resemble* Mitya since he is seen by his creator, not with the passionate love and loathing of Dostoevsky, but

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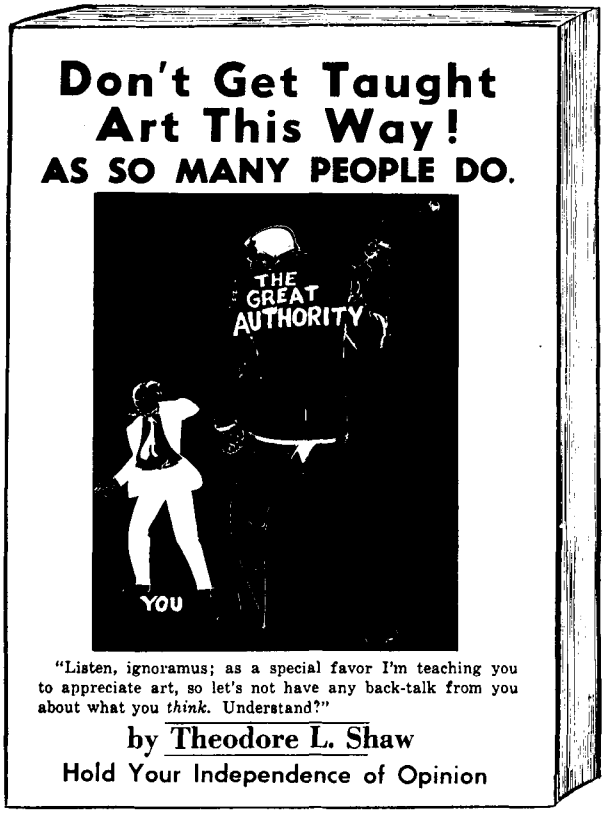
with a sort of gentle wonder and mild sympathy. I never found *The Manor* in the least boring – Mr. Singer is much too agile and considerate a writer to allow himself to be a bore – but neither did I ever care very much about what was going to happen next. My heart bled for nobody in this quiet book, and in spite of some very disagreeable actions I never got very angry with anybody either.

Yet *The Manor* is masterly in its own terms. One never doubts Mr. Singer's authority – never doubts, that is to say, that he is doing what he knows he can do, and doing it with superb skill and firm control. The great unresolved question is simply: is it *worth* writing a book like this; in the West; in the year 1967? Is it worth writing a massive, traditional novel in which a particular historical period is described and recreated; in which characters are carefully realized; in which time passes, people die, others are born, some get better, some get worse; in which events follow each other in strict chronological order, and an omniscient narrator handles his characters much as a puppet-master handles his puppets? Here is a typical chapter opening from *The Manor:* "In Wola, a Warsaw suburb, there was a furniture factory that employed about forty men. It was located in a loft which was filled with sawdust and shavings. There Wacek Pracz worked at cutting out holes in a thick board with a hammer and chisel. Nearby, another man sawed lumber, a second planed, a third hammered nails, a fourth drilled with a gimlet. The air was filled with pungent odors of varnish and glue. Since it was winter, the windows were shut, but some air came in through an occasional broken pane." After a bit more of this general description, Mr. Singer brings his camera closer, as it were, and concentrates on the appearance and actions of Wacek Pracz. Pracz starts to play his part in the general action of the book. (It emerges that he is really that Count Lucian of whom we have heard and who is in hiding in disguise, after taking part in the uprising.)

Mr. Singer is blandly indifferent to all the raucous modernities of the last half century. It is hard to feel that he has taken them up, considered them and rejected them. If he had done that something of his rejection would surely have been apparent: there is, after all, a raucousness of *rejecting* new things which is quite as cacophonous as the new things ever are themselves. I get the impression that Mr. Singer writes as he does because he has never paid any attention to other and newer ways of writing. This means that *The Manor* is not, as it might at first seem to be, a pastiche of the 19th century novel. It is more like a true 19th century novel which happens, by the same kind of bizarre accident which preserved the coelacanth, to have appeared a hundred years after its natural period.

Does it matter? Haven't we become unhealthily obsessed by Rimbaud's cry – *"il faut être absolument moderne?"* Isn't it the case that the worst modern disease is the disease of self-consciousness – an inability to do anything at all without watching ourselves doing it, and wondering whether we are doing it in the appropriate, the 1967 manner? Doesn't it prove, after all, to be a great relief when we come upon a book like Mr. Singer's which uses traditional skills to perform a traditional task?

I don't know, but my own feeling is that although a great deal of thoroughly modern writing has become unbearably contorted, contrived and self-regarding, Mr. Singer's calm adherence to an old convention will not really do either. After all we do not – or at least we should not – see human nature and behavior in the same way as our great-grandfathers saw them. And in order to show them in a new light we really do need new methods of illumination.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FILMS

Mississippi Frontier

"The reason we went on strike, I was tired of working for $6 a day, and I was tired of my wife and kids working for $3 a day." Those are the words that open the documentary *Strike City*, and they are spoken by a Negro sharecropper who had the nerve to leave a plantation in Mississippi because he was not getting enough money. Of course others have left plantations; by

Strike City
by John Douglas and Tom Griffin

the thousands families have slipped away, and in a few hours felt the exhilaration that goes with seeing those signs that say "Magnolia State" recede into the horizon. Months later, in Chicago or New York, they begin to wonder – not whether they had good cause to move, but whether the new and different misery of the ghetto justifies the ironically sad goodbye to the land – exploitation or not, the rural South has been home – and the long trip into a strange city where (at last, but to no avail) the Negro can vote, and not be denied a welfare check for doing so.

Yet some Negroes in Mississippi know what is in store for them "up North there," and refuse to go. They are not all tired, or lethargic or worn out, or without imagination; on the contrary, as *Strike City* shows, they have yet to surrender their minds or their hearts to the sheriffs and landowners who run things in Tribbett, Mississippi, where the film was made.

Two other first-rate documentaries – *Black Natchez* and *Lay My Burden Down* – have recorded the despair and fear and resignation that Southern Negroes feel. *Strike City* catches a different "truth." It is about an act of sustained defiance and protest by the so-called "hopeless."

Two young men went down to Mississippi to work alongside the rural poor of the state. They were not filmmakers bent on "doing" a documentary, nor were they out to "study" something and then write a paper. They taught in a Head Start program and eventually they watched a few bold sharecroppers think of ways to earn a living off the farm. They were on hand when the incredible happened: field hands, Negroes living in Mississippi and on a large cotton plantation, decided to leave their "jobs" and their "homes," to risk both everything and nothing for higher wages.

I doubt many of us take on the brute force they did, with so little chance of victory. They gave up the shacks their bosses supplied, and they gave up the few dollars they earned when there was work to do. (For many weeks they are without any money at all.) They took on "law and order" in the Black Belt, and did so at a time when their bosses were just about through with them anyway. (Machines now harvest cotton, and chemicals protect it from weeds.) They set up tents, right out in the open of that small and special world of the Delta, and they were joined by veteran civil rights workers, like Frank and Jean Smith and by Tom Griffin and John Douglas, who still wanted to be with them, and advance their cause. So the Negro sharecroppers became strikers, and the white youths became film makers.

A trickle of money and food came in. Churches and college students helped. The tents stayed, and their occupants planned for the future. They met and talked. They decided to stay, to build homes with their own hands, to grow food for themselves, to find work, if possible. They built a Head Start center. They appealed to outsiders for technical help and of course they appealed to the government of the United States, "their" government. They had become a "community," and they wanted action. In the film their determination to get that action comes across.

In April of 1966 they went to Washington, pitched their tents in Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, and embarrassed the strongest, richest nation that ever was with their presence. Naïve, demanding, unwilling to wait and wait (perhaps for fifty years, perhaps for a century), they had the nerve to think that the federal government could be of help to its very poorest citizens. They soon found out that there was nothing for them to do but go back to the rural South, and survive however they could. Washington had other things on its mind – and other wars to fight. No historian a few centuries hence will be able to say that this great nation turned inward on itself and worried selfishly about its own hungry people. Like the English before us, and the French before them, we have eyes that scan the entire planet, and leaders with a global sense of destiny. Destiny may not fill up the stomachs of children in Strike City, but national sacrifice is the price of being first.

In Strike City there aren't many belts to be tightened; the men mostly wear overalls, and the women loose fitting dresses. The children are lucky to have clothes at all, particularly such irrelevant items as shoes and socks. Still, the film that documents their kind of life

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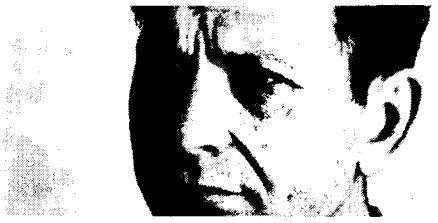

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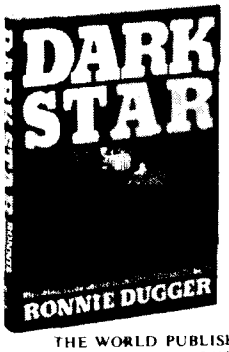

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does not have them *only* in rags, *only* poor and fearful. In 30 minutes we see a far more unsettling spectacle: dispossessed sharecroppers who really want to work, who have energy and intelligence and vitality and crave some way of building a better life for themselves. In their film, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Griffin are making no claims, political or social or anthropological. They want to show what they saw, and lived beside in order to see. They don't intrude at all – even by announcing at the beginning or the end that they made it. I suppose an explanatory statement at the start, in the fashion of Robert Flaherty's documentaries, would help "orient" the viewer, but it really doesn't take long for the people and the routines and struggles of their lives to get across – and placate the viewer's need for order and "context."

The first few sequences are unforgettable. For a moment one feels in the presence of Hiroshima; a shot of the Delta reveals desolate, muddy land, with timber and steel and tin strewn about, reminders that some form of civilization once existed there or nearby. To the right is a tank of bottled gas, to reassure us that we are in the 20th century. A "tent city" is in the making. The neighboring land may be beautiful, with cotton and pines and grazing cattle; but freedom is where you find it, even in America, and for these families it was to be found in a littered stretch of land near Tribbett, Mississippi.

From the land the camera moves to the people, to the eyes of a child, to hands fingering black-eyed peas, to bodies huddled near an old stove, to faces looking at one another with whatever affection and reassurance is possible. They are not going to flee the state, not going North for anything. For what, really? For a lousy welfare check and a ghetto tenement building, that's what. They know it and say it: "Once you run, you always run. It's no better up here."

They have decided not to run, but what can they do but sit still, be idle, go hungry? The camera lingers on soda pop, old cans, signs urging Dr. Pepper and L&M cigarettes, and in a country store the inevitable jukebox. America's ironies are before us. Machines, slogans from advertising agencies, songs on the hit-parade, all in the middle of a community of hungry and cold people who have no money and no jobs.

Yes, winter comes to Mississippi also, and can bring snow on occasion. In winter the tents look curiously alone; except for them everything is white and indistinct. "It ain't too good living in a tent," a man says, "it ain't too bad and it ain't too good. But I don't care how tough it gets here at Strike City, I ain't going back to no plantation, and that's for sure." They look at the nearby shacks of those other sharecroppers who do not dare to go on strike and they feel the reassurance of the beleaguered fighter: things are bad, but at least a fight is under way. With warmer weather they work the land, start building "permanent" homes, and eventually leave – their destination Washington, their purpose an appeal to the White House, to Congress, and to something called "the public conscience."

Their decision to make the journey, their departure, and their encampment in the capital are strikingly conveyed, but the scenes in the Rayburn Building – *their* building – are almost too much to bear. They are there to ask redress of grievances, and before them spreads the congressional "scene," the corridors and offices, the hearing room with the Great Seal on its wall, the duly elected representatives and their aides, all of them embarrassed and a bit confused by this literal-minded exercise in democracy on the part of "innocent," illiterate field-hands. What can any self-respecting congressman do with people like that.

"We need houses in Mississippi, and work," they told the reporters and television commentators who, like our congressmen, were embarrassed, and who dutifully and sympathetically told the public what they heard and saw. *The Washington Post* ran an editorial; *The New York Times* covered the story; and on Friday, April 8th, 1966, on page one of the *Post's* section called "City Life in Greater Washington" there was the merciful headline: "Camp-out in Park Ended, Mississippi Negroes to Quit City." They were going home for Easter – utterly disappointed.

Well, they are still there, still trying to make Strike City a going thing. They are still doing what the film shows them doing – listening to songs like

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"I'm Falling in Love Again," washing floors, planting seeds so as to grow grain and vegetables and flowers. There are a few, desperate efforts under way to bring work to them and other rural people – who will otherwise have to go to Chicago or Detroit, whether they want to or not. The "projects" go by names that are all too true and ironic – "The Poor People's Corporation," "Crafts of Freedom," "Liberty House." They are cooperatives, "small-scale" ones, and they are working well, in view of the limited resources they can muster. Recently the Vice President and the Secretary of Agriculture have said that our rural areas are neglected, and that the price of that neglect is riots in those large cities that every year absorb thousands of indigent and bewildered people who might otherwise be learning and working in the villages and towns they leave only in desperation. However, as *Strike City* shows, the desperate problems of Southern sharecroppers simply cannot make a dent on this nation's capital today. We are, I fear, a nation that still lives most fully and wholeheartedly on the frontier; and tents or no tents, in 1967 that frontier is not in Tribbett, Mississippi, but in Saigon.

ROBERT COLES

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Clara More de Morinni *is an American who lived in Paris during the thirties; she now lives in Massachusetts.*

John Updike's *latest book is* The Music School and Other Stories.

Stephen Spender, *the distinguished British poet, is planning to establish a new literary magazine in London.*

Edward T. Chase *has written extensively about medical economics and the American medical establishment; he is an editor of a New York publishing house.*

Francis Biddle *was US Attorney General under President Roosevelt; he has published two volumes of his autobiography.*

Terence Prittie *is a foreign correspondent for* The Manchester Guardian.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *Pulitzer prize-winning author of* The Age of Jackson, *holds the Albert Schweitzer Chair in the Humanities at The City University of New York.*

Philip Toynbee's *latest book is* A Learned City, *recently published in London.*

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

President Dumping

Sirs:

In his skillfully designed piece on "President Dumping" (October 28) "Americus" turns to 1912 for guidance in 1968. He argues that the Theodore Roosevelt "exercise in revolt [was] in the long run by no means futile." It played "a major part in the Democratic decision to choose a candidate . . . of persuasive progressive appeal" such as Wilson, whose campaign and subsequent election "converted the Democratic Party into an effective instrument for the furtherance of progressivism." The implicit suggestion for 1968 is for liberal anti-war Democrats to "bull moose" Johnson.

Although the parallel is intriguing, I would like to raise a question of historical fact and of political logic.

The dominant figure at the Democratic Convention of 1912 was William Jennings Bryan, who concluded from the split in the Republican Party that this was the year for a Democratic win. He moved swiftly to cast the convention in his own image. He opposed conservative Alton B. Parker for temporary chairman; he pushed through a resolution opposing any candidate beholden to Morgan, Ryan, or Belmont or any other "member of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class." Then he gave his backing to Champ Clark of Missouri – and not to Wilson. Although Clark was the frontrunner, he lacked the needed two-thirds. The effort of Tammany's Murphy to stampede the convention into the two-thirds by a switch to Clark, boomeranged. Any friend of Tammany was no friend to Bryan, who then switched to Wilson – the nominee, after 46 ballots.

Bryan's influence over the Democracy can hardly be attributed to the Bull Moose movement within the Republicans. The Great Commoner was powerful enough to have won the Democratic presidential nomination in 1896, 1900, and 1908 – each time polling a tremendous vote against his GOP opponents, indeed, *a greater popular vote than Wilson's in 1912.* In sum, the nomination of Wilson reflected the balance of forces *within* the Democratic Party. The GOP split merely stiffened Bryan's resolve not to compromise with the money-bags and clubhouse boys of the East – since his candidate could win without them.

So much for fact. And now as to political logic.

If the dump-Johnson movement does to the Democrats in 1968 what the Bull Moosers did to the Republicans in 1912, then when the GOP convenes next year, they may assume – as Bryan did – that nomination is tantamount to election. The candidate of the GOP issuing from that convention will reflect the balance of forces *within* the Republican Party – just as the 1912 Democratic candidate reflected the balance in the Democracy. Sure of victory, the right-wing forces around Nixon, Reagan, and the Goldwater folk can move – as Bryan did in 1912 – to name their own kind of man without any concessions to the other wing of the party.

In short, just as a split in the basically conservative Republican Party of 1912 gave the progressive Democrats their chance to nominate and elect their kind of President, so will a split in the basically liberal Democratic Party of 1968 give the reactionary Republicans their chance to nominate and elect their kind of President. The election of Wilson did make the Democratic Party "an effective instrument for . . . progressivism" that ultimately brought to America a long day of hope. The election of a right-wing Republican in 1968 is likely to make the GOP an "effective instrument" for reaction that will bring a long night of despair.

Gus Tyler
New York, N.Y.

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Stopping Garrison

Sirs:

In *The New Republic* of October 28, TRB writes:

> "In New Orleans the burlesque inquiry of Jim Garrison mortifies the nation and goes on and on but nobody knows how to stop it."

What does the nation actually know about it? It is not reported in the national press. Why should I, as a citizen, want to "stop it"? The only place I have read anything really intelligible about it is in the October issue of *Playboy* (yes!), and this was in Mr. Garrison's own words. Let TRB write something on the other side that makes half as much sense, and I will entertain the notion that Mr. Garrison should be stopped.

Eric Bentley
New York, N.Y.

Housing For Whom?

Sirs:

Although most of the information in your article on the Mondale-Percy home ownership compromise ("Housing For Whom?" October 14) is correct with regard to the details of the compromise, I must take issue with your remark that the plan is not geared to assist those in the poverty category.

I will be the first to admit that my original home ownership bill, like Senator Percy's bill, was not geared to those in the lowest income ranges. However, the Housing and Urban Affairs Subcommittee has acted to change the original draft to mold the proposal in such a fashion to help those of lower income, and to assure its successful implementation.

First, the bill provides for a special "acceptable risk" reserve fund to cover any losses or defaults under the program. This is a recognition on the part of Congress that there may be higher losses under the program. It is also a mandate on the part of Congress to the FHA to take these higher risks and that Congress is willing to cover these losses.

Second, income eligibility for the program has been set at 70 percent of the 221 (d) (3) limits established in the community. This is to guarantee that the subsidy is not diverted to those whose incomes are way above the poverty line.

Third, the formula for subsidy is as follows: the family will pay 20 percent of its income towards the mortgage costs and the remainder will be subsidized by the Federal Government up to the point where the subsidy would equal a 3 percent mortgage on the dwelling. This mechanism allows a family with an income of $3,500 to purchase a $10,000 home and have a mortgage that would run for 35 years.

Fourth, the bill will allow the Secretary to use 10 percent of the $70 million appropriated for the first three years to experiment with greater subsidies, those all the way down to what a 2 percent mortgage would be. Under this provision, a family with an annual income below $3,000 could purchase a $10,000 home.

Fifth, a family allowance will be instituted to assist those in greater need, the larger family. Thus, for the purpose of computing the family's income upon which the 20 percent mortgage payment will be based, $200 will be deducted for every child. Thus, a family with a $4,000 income and five children would be treated as a family with an annual income of $3,000 or $50 a month, towards the mortgage payment.

I do not see this proposal as a panacea to all the housing ills facing the nation. Rather, it is an attempt to fill a void that exists in our housing policy for the low income family. For many, public housing and rent supplements will be the only governmental program available. For others, the opportunity of home ownership will now be possible. What this bill is doing is to offer the lower income person another alternative as he seeks to improve his housing conditions.

Walter F. Mondale
US Senate

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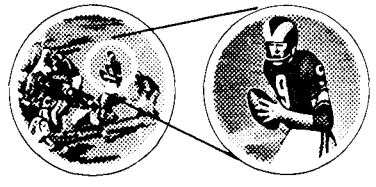

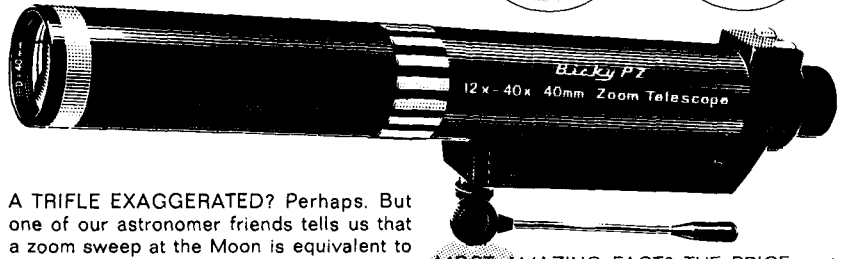

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Kauffmann, *from page 16*

an author of this generation, we subconsciously brace ourselves – not through prudishness but through weariness – for the scenes of the first erection, the first onanism (and the second and third and twelfth) and all the physical minutiae that have become as obligatory as ever Victorian piety was. Conroy is too concerned with truths to stutter over facts. We are well aware of his discovery of girls and of his swooning in new mysteries, but there is no glandular circus. He recounts his first full experience in detail, but the real shock – for him and therefore for us – is that the girl hardly spoke to him. Afterward she asked his name and simply disappeared from his life. It is a relief to read about sex experiences that ring absolutely true and yet have no trace of defiant utterance.

The last 50 pages of the book, which deal with his stay in Denmark and Paris before his return to an American college, are the least taking; here the laser-intensity that Conroy has played on the texture of the story seems to diminish somewhat. He seems more interested in his boyhood and early adolescence, in the birth of awarenesses, than in their subsequent use. Scenes like the one in which he and another boy rampage through a deserted Army camp in Florida or in which he dozes in the noonday heat in a kennel with three dogs or suddenly hears the noise in a room full of demented men in a hospital, scenes in which the boundaries between self and world become first blurred and then more sharply defined than before, these are Conroy at his best. On its own level and scale, there are reminders of Wordsworth's *Prelude* in the book: discovery of the self en route to art.

Self and art function in two ways here. They are the basic components in the book itself (we see him fall in love with literature – he is clearly traveling 'toward it); and also, there is evidently a sound relation between them in Conroy the man. For a young writer determined to use his life as his subject, it took a lot of courage *not* to write a novel. One more indication of Conroy's quality is that he had this instinct about what to do with his material and the confidence to follow it.

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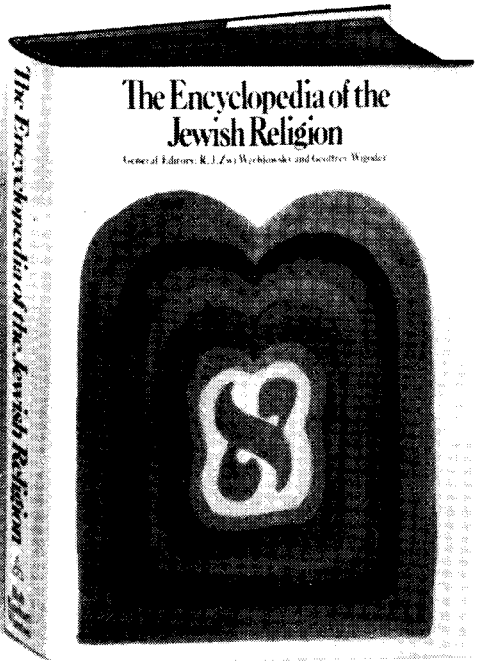

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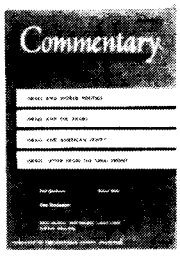

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